The Nation

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Summary of the News

The two outstanding events of the penultimate week of the Presidential campaign have been Secretary Baker's statement in regard to Mexican plotting on the American side of the border and the bombshell exploded by Senator Lodge. The explosion, which took place at Brockton, Mass., on October 26, has reverberated far. Senator Lodge asserted that to the second Lusitania note of June 9, President Wilson had added a postscript, after the note had been approved by the Cabinet, in which he assured the German Government that the strong phrases of the "strict accountability" note were not to be taken too seriously and that the matter might be referred to arbitration. The matter coming to the ears of the Cabinet, some of its members threatened to resign and the postscript was deleted, the deletion causing Mr. Bryan's resignation.

Denials of the accuracy of the statement from Secretaries Lane and Redfield and Attorney-General Gregory were met by Mr. Lodge on October 28 by the publication of a letter from Dr. Charles H. Bailey, purporting to give the gist of a conversation he had had with ex-Assistant Secretary of War Breckinridge on a train between San Francisco and Omaha, Neb., on July 15, 1916. In this conversation, according to Dr. Bailey, Mr. Breckinridge had given him an account of the matter which agreed substantially with the version given out by Senator Lodge. Mr. Breckinridge, on being appealed to, issued a denial which made up in emphasis what it lacked in explicitness. The matter was disposed of on Monday when President Wilson issued a statement denying the accuracy of Senator Lodge's charge and explaining, what many had already surmised, that all the pother was about a suggestion of "one member of the Cabinet" (doubtless Mr. Bryan) that an intimation be conveyed to the German Government that a proposal for arbitration would be acceptable. The suggestion was, of course, rejected.

The end of the Mexican story, put about by Secretary Baker, is not yet. The official statement given out by Mr. Baker on October 26 was that information had been obtained that "enemies of the Administration's policy towards Mexico" had arranged for a spectacular attack to be made at some point on the border "between now and the date of the election" for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Wilson's policy. Certainly the statement, as Mr. Lansing took pains to explain on the following day, seems to have been unfortunately phrased if by "enemies of the Administration's policy" Mr. Baker meant only Mexican enemies and not American citizens. That he had only Mexicans in mind has since been asserted with emphasis by Mr. Baker himself.

The matter, however, did not drop there. Sunday's papers published simultaneously a statement labelled "Official" given out by the Mexican News Bureau, and alleged to come from Luis Cabrera, chairman of the Mexican contingent of the Joint International Commission, and a denial by Señor Cabrera that he had given out the statement. In it he was represented as criticising the United States Government for failure to prevent assistance from being sent to the Villistas from the American side of the border. Similar criticism, but without direct mention of the United States Government, was contained in a statement given to the press by Carranza on the same day. It is generally felt in Washington that a situation has been created by these statements prejudicial to the success of the Joint Commission, and that feeling has not been altogether allayed by Ambassador Designate Arredondo's explanation that Cabrera's alleged statement was published by the Press Bureau without authorization and that in the remarks made by Cabrera to a representative of the Bureau there were no unpleasant references to the American Government.

Recent activities of German submarines afford grounds for fear that this question may come up again to plague the Government. A serious situation may be created by the sinking of two British ships, the Marina and the Rowanmore, by a German submarine off the Irish coast. The former, a vessel that had been used for carrying horses but was not apparently under contract to the British Government, was sunk on the afternoon of October 28. According to information described as "provisional" by American Consul Frost at Queenstown, the Marina was sunk by gunfire *without warning*. In the crew of 104 there were forty-nine Americans, some of whom may have lost their lives, since, as we write, thirteen of the company are still missing. From Mr. Frost also has been received a report of the sinking of the Rowanmore on October 26, after a chase of fifty minutes, at the end of which the captain signalled his surrender. In the crew were seven Americans including five Filipinos. Some of these have made affidavit that the submarine continued shelling the ship after she had surrendered and also shelled the boats after they had got clear. The vindictive choosing out of Norwegian ships for destruction, to which we called attention last week, has been continued, at least a score of Norwegian vessels having been sent to the bottom since we wrote then. Indignation in Norway is intense.

On the western front the centre of interest shifted last week from the Somme to Verdun. There a French offensive, launched on October 24, broke the German line along a four-mile front to a depth of two miles. Thiaumont, Haudromont Quarries, Caillette Wood, and Fort Douaumont—all places made famous in the long German siege—were regained at a single stroke, the French winning back in a day virtually all the positions of first importance which the Germans laboriously gained in two months of incessant fighting. Fort de Vaux remains in German hands, but towards this position the French have made steady progress since the first rush came to an end, and all German counter-attacks have been repulsed. More than 4,000 prisoners were captured in the offensive. On the Somme only local fighting has been recorded.

The position of the Rumanians appeared almost desperate on Thursday of last week, when von Mackensen's forces had occupied Cernavoda and von Falkenhayn's the Vulcan Pass. Since then the situation has taken a turn for the better. The bridge over the Danube at Cernavoda was destroyed after a part of the Rumanian army had retreated across it, and the Rumanian and Russian troops remaining in Dobrudja have apparently rallied. On the Transylvania front the Rumanians have fared better. All along the border they appear to have checked the Teutonic invasion, and at places, notably in the direction of the Red Tower Pass and south of Vulcan Pass, they have successfully taken the offensive. On other fronts there is nothing of importance to record.

A raid by German destroyers from Zeebrugge on the British transport lines across the English Channel was attempted on the night of October 26. The British Admiralty's account of the raid reports two German destroyers sunk and the rest driven off, one British destroyer sunk and another grounded and an empty transport torpedoed. The German account denies any loss in destroyers and asserts that in addition to two or three British destroyers "at least eleven outpost steamers" were sunk. At any rate, the raid failed in its purpose.

The present situation in Greece appears to be that the King has agreed to comply with the demands of the Allies, of which the essential points presumably are non-interference with the military operations at Salonica, the suppression of the German propaganda, and the restitution of some sort of constitutional liberty to the country. Compliance with the first of these demands is to be seen in an order transferring troops from Thessaly and the Epirus to the Peloponnesus.

Dispatches from Washington of October 28 announced the arrival at the State Department of Great Britain's reply to the American note of July 28 protesting against the Blacklist. The note, while not accepting the American contention that the Blacklist is "an arbitrary interference with neutral trade," is understood to suggest modifications in the administration of it.

J. P. Morgan & Company have announced that the new $300,000,000 British Government secured loan will be publicly offered this week.

Dr. von Koerber, it is announced, succeeds Count Karl Stuergkh as Austrian Premier.

Returns in the referendum on compulsory military service in Australia are incomplete as we write, but indications are that conscription has been defeated by a fairly heavy majority.

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The Week

The land is full of confident election prophets, but none of them is ready to give the last full measure of belief in his own predictions. William Cobbett was. In 1819 he went on record against Peel's Act, as follows:

> Now then I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry the Bill into effect is *impossible;* and I say that, if the Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a *Gridiron* and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans.

This kind of thing would add much to the verisimilitude of the bald predictions of our election experts, and would gain them much more credence. Col. Harvey, for example, is now telling us of a coming majority of 145 or so for Hughes in the Electoral College. Why not clinch the matter in the Cobbett style? We cannot imagine Col. Harvey flinching from any test of his infallibility as a prophet. He would doubtless agree, if proven wrong by the event, to let Mr. Roosevelt shoot him full of deadly adjectives, while George W. Perkins turned the leaves of the dictionary to find new ones, and Col. Watterson stood by to laugh at his groans.

A careful examination of the *Outlook's* symposium of Mexican sentiment towards Mr. Wilson shows plainly why the Democratic National Committee undertook to make a campaign document out of what certain headlines have made into an indictment of Wilson by Carranza, Obregon, Gonzales, and Aguilar. Criticism of Mr. Wilson's policy there is, to be sure; but does that mean Mexico's preference for a policy such as Wilson's opponents would advocate? One or two rhetorical passages about open hostility being preferable to insincere friendship are balanced by statements like the following:

> Carranza: Among the finest things that any American President has ever done was Wilson's refusal to tolerate the tyrant Huerta. It was such a noble act as one would expect from an emancipated and democratic people, and it was an inspiration to all Latin-American republics. . . . Any one of them [Taft, Knox, Henry Lane Wilson] could have prevented the assassination [of Madero]. . . . We are grateful to Wilson for understanding that this is a social revolution.
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> Aguilar: The Mexican people are grateful to Wilson for understanding, as President Taft did not, that the revolution in Mexico is a genuine social movement. . . . They are grateful to Wilson for his intelligence and courage in refusing to recognize Huerta.
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> Gonzales: I cannot say whether Mexico can expect from the Republican candidate any better treatment than she has had from the Democratic President.

In view of these men's gratitude for Wilson's action with regard to the two capital facts of recent Mexican history, recognition of the revolution as a social movement and the elimination of Huerta, how shall we explain the charges against Wilson, ranging from vacillating friendship to concealed enmity? We can explain them only to the extent that we can explain the well-known Carranza temperament, the irritating obstinacy and *pundonor* which insisted on seeing only the apparent infringement of Mexican rights in Wilson's acts, and overlooked the essential friendship and aid embodied in those acts. When Americans speak of Wilson's policy, the only issue is whether Wilson has sacrificed too much of our national interests for the sake of Mexico's welfare, or whether the sacrifice was justified. When Carranza and Obregon speak of Wilson's policy, it is on the assumption that an American President might go to any limits of forbearance, an assumption which they know in their heart of hearts to be impossible. They insist on speaking of Pershing's expedition as an invasion, though they know that the alternative to that was war between the two countries. They speak as the strategy of their position in Mexico dictates, and all this talk about preferring the Republican scorpions to the Democratic whips should be interpreted accordingly.

Mr. Hughes is seeking to do at the end of his campaign what he should not have lost a moment in doing at the beginning. We mean, of course, endeavoring to set himself straight on the issue of alienism in American politics. His formal speech of acceptance at the end of July was wofully lacking in this respect. What the *Nation* felt about it at the time was thus stated:

> One would have thought that it would be easy for Charles E. Hughes to say: "I am a candidate for the Presidency, and, of course, I want all the votes I can get. But nobody ought to vote for me under a misapprehension; and if any German-American believes that I would not have been even more resolute than President Wilson in arraigning the German Government for its crimes against American citizens, he does not know the kind of American I am."

Mr. Hughes, after long silence, has finally spoken in something like that sense. Here are the words which he has used:

> As to any person whose allegiance to our flag is not single and complete, who would not instantly champion the rights and interests of our country against any country on earth, who wants impunity for foreign aggression, or who would have the power of this nation held captive to any foreign influence or swerved by alien machinations, let him not vote for me.

Of this we can only say that it would have been much more satisfactory if it had come earlier or been more specific. Held back all these months, Mr. Hughes's belated statement has now the air of having been forced from him by the revelations about the O'Leary Teuto-Celt plottings. If the thing was to have been done at all, what was required was a prompt and straight hitting from the shoulder. In this matter, President Wilson showed to great advantage compared with Mr. Hughes. Mr. Wilson seized his first opportunity, and in *his* speech of acceptance said flatly: "I neither seek the favor nor fear the displeasure of that small alien element among us which puts loyalty to any foreign Power before loyalty to the United States." That was not only a statement to the country, but, in effect, a challenge to Mr. Hughes to make his position clear. But till last week he did not seek to do it. What was going on he knew as well as the next man. He saw the open alignment on his side of nondescript groups of men who proposed to punish Mr. Wilson for having upheld American rights against Germany. This thing was not done in a corner. It was all along giving distress to many of Mr. Hughes's supporters. They wondered why he did not speak out. He was repeatedly urged to speak out, but never got beyond his empty talk about "America first." At last, he is much more explicit. Perhaps he could not now reasonably be asked to go further. But the fact that his statement has inevitably the appearance of being dragged from him by events, instead of being the voluntary expression of his indignation at an un-American conspiracy, is but one more evidence of the misfortune and mismanagement which have dogged his campaign.

Much may be forgiven a candidate whose speeches run into the hundreds. But Mr. Hughes is certainly not adding to his reputation for accuracy by some of the statements he is now making. True, he is interlarding his speeches with such phrases as "I am told," "I am assured," "I am informed," "I have it on the highest authority," like a newspaper in fear of a libel suit. This gives the appearance of dodging that "strict accountability" which he says he would have applied in the case of Germany. It really shows that in his striving to make points he is grasping at anything anybody may tell him. There is no criticism, however dubious its source, that he does not seem willing to accept, and the more the criticism has passed current the better he

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seems to like it—perhaps on the theory that the public prefers to read what it is saying itself. But it does seem as if when it comes to a matter of figures of common knowledge some one ought at least to blue-pencil his speeches in his own interest. Thus, when he says, in his attack on the militia, that he is informed that in the Eastern Division alone it should have produced 135,000 men on the call for service, somebody might have reminded him that the total of the militia all over the United States was but 121,000; that it had *never been required* to recruits to the new war strength of 1,800 men to a regiment prior to the call of the President.

How could the militia system on a moment's notice, without warning, produce thousands of additional men for a war strength just enacted into law? Of course, Mr. Hughes, stuffed as he has been by some passing informant, presumably a regular, does not stop to talk about the regulars or to say how short they are of their quota when he criticises the militia because its ranks are not up to war strength by 50,000 men. How many are the regulars short? They have not even raised the 25,000 additional men authorized by Congress in an emergency act last March, and are by just that number short of their authorized strength to-day. Yet Mr. Hughes has the audacity to say that if Mr. Garrison's recommendations of 1914 had gone through, we should now have a regular army sufficient to take care of the Mexican situation and should not have had to call upon the militia at all! Wherein does he find the slightest basis for this assumption, in view of the fact that there are fewer men in the regular army to-day, after all the excitement over preparedness and the possibility of war in Mexico, than there were a year ago? Yet he thinks nothing of daily risking his reputation for sagacity and judicial firmness in just this way.

In the vote on election day, the bigger your majority the better; but that is not at all the case in a straw vote. Even in the case of so big a straw vote as that mentioned in an Ohio dispatch to the New York *Times*, the circumstance that an overwhelming majority is shown for one candidate not only adds nothing to the force of the conclusion it points to, but actually takes away the significance of the vote almost completely. A straw vote which "gives Wilson 28,502 and Hughes 18,237" votes in Ohio is evidently very far from being a true sample; and if it is so far from correct as certainly to require a great amount of correction, what reason is there for supposing that it does not require still more correction, and enough to reverse the result? If the vote mentioned were a true sample, Ohio would give Wilson on November 7 a plurality of 225,000. But the most enthusiastic of Democrats will hardly expect more than one-third of this figure; and if so big a cut has to be made, why not a little more? The best of straw votes is none too good a reliance, and those that are the most emphatic in their showing are, as a rule, the ones that are least entitled to consideration. There are plenty of straws that really do show that the wind is blowing Wilsonward, but they can be seen and felt rather than counted.

"Honey Fitz" has won a victory before election, although it is a victory in which his opponent, Senator Lodge, shares. The names of the two men appeared at the very end of the ballot. This was too much for the pride of a new-fledged candidate for the United States Senate, and Fitzgerald vigorously protested against the arrangement. Should voters be compelled to run their eyes down the full length of the ballot in order to find the noblest name on it? Besides, there was a candidate for the State Senate named John I. Fitzgerald, and it was barely possible that a few voters, even in Massachusetts, might mark one name in the belief that it was the other. Fitzgerald's protest has resulted in the transfer of his name and that of Lodge to the top of the fourth column. They thus come after the names of candidates for State offices, despite Fitzgerald's insistence that the precedence should be the other way around. This question of the order of names of candidates has caused so much trouble—in Chicago men have stood in line all night so as to get the name of their candidate first on the ballot—that some party or other should spring the issue of a circular ballot. It would capture the candidate vote at a stroke.

"Shall We Go Cotton Mad Again?" asks the Montgomery *Advertiser* in the title of a leading editorial. It is afraid, as many Southerners are, of the effect of twenty-cent cotton on the imagination of planters. The danger of overproduction of cotton—or rather of the abandonment of the policy of diversified crops which has made such headway in the past two years—is striven against by many influential individuals and organizations in the South. An article in *The Nation's Business*, a periodical issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce, states that "to guard against this danger the cotton States bankers have already planned a campaign to begin this month, to last ten to twelve weeks," and that "the agricultural colleges, the agricultural field forces, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and, above all, Southern newspapers, will bend every energy toward a continuance of the safe and successful methods of the last two years." Whatever may prove to be the degree of success of these efforts, there is one consideration at least in which some comfort may be taken as to the whole experience. It can hardly fail to have been borne in upon even the thickest-headed farmer that what determines the price of cotton is not plutocratic conspiracies or unjust laws or lack of circulating medium, but demand and supply. With cotton going a-begging at seven cents three years ago and soaring up to twenty now, the notion that the weal or woe of the cotton-planter is determined by a parcel of blood-suckers in Wall Street will presumably not have much standing for some time to come.

To New York's roster of well-housed collections another will be added when the Museum of the American Indian—now cramped in East Twenty-third Street—is moved to the building for which ground has just been broken near the Hispanic Museum. The site is given by Archer M. Huntington, and the structure will be paid for with $250,000 raised by friends of George G. Heye, the founder of the collection. Mr. Heye has been responsible for the dispatch of more than thirty expeditions for archæological and ethnological research, and the 400,000 specimens which he has gathered from the two Americas are said to be worth a half-million. The museum has probably not been known to many not directly interested in the subject, and its situation beside the building of the American Geographical Society and that of the Hispanic Museum should attract to it general attendance. It was formerly private; the transfer of its administration to a board of trustees is taken as meaning that it will now be wholly public. The city has reason to be grateful for a collection that will mean much to specialists, university students, and the many with a natural interest in the early history of American races.

Approval by various European statesmen of the general principle of the League to Enforce Peace, in favor of which both President Wilson and Mr. Hughes have declared,

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has been known for some time. Viscount Grey's recent speech is of note as showing the weight attached abroad to President Wilson's address on the subject, and as containing some statements which led the London *Daily News* to characterize it as an "invitation." It is hopeful to find him saying that the League is a work "to which we should all look with favor and hope," and that "I believe that the best work neutrals can do for the moment is to try to prevent a war like this from happening again." It will encourage those who wish to see the plan made as practical as possible to find him emphatic on the point that national sentiments must be thoroughly enlisted for its objects. The discouraging feature is the partisan tone of some of his remarks, as when he says that "the Allies must have guarantees for future peace," and that German statements demand guarantees against future attack, without clear definition of what those guarantees may be. Peace terms favorable to the Allies, of a sort that leave hatred against France, Russia, or Italy rankling in territories taken from the Central Powers, would not constitute a peace which neutrals would be glad to band together to enforce.

The French success on the Verdun front, of importance as an achievement in itself when measured by the number of prisoners taken, and for its possible effect on the situation on the Somme, is perhaps most significant in its demonstration of the reserve striking power on the side of the Allies in the west. It has been the custom in German quarters to speak of France being bled white, and nearing collapse, and this in spite of the fact that France was supposed to have been bled white a year ago. That the blow around Verdun should have been delivered at the same time that the heaviest fighting of the Somme campaign was under way, by German accounts, argues that French resources are not yet exhausted. Whether Gen. Nivelle's advance was the result of a surprise attack or came after the usual preliminary bombardment, German resistance has been apparently weakened along the line of the greatest German effort during the first half of 1916.

Mackensen's pursuit of the Russo-Rumanian forces in the Dobrudja was at a pace to which the only parallel is the pursuit of the British from Mons to south of the Marne, when the British fell back a distance of about 170 miles in fourteen days, or at the rate of twelve miles a day, though the actual marching pace would be faster if time were taken out for the rear-guard battles. The Allies in the Dobrudja have fallen back about 75 miles in six days, or since October 21, when the battle south of the Constanza railway terminated in favor of the Teutonic forces. Constanza was taken on the 23d. A day later the armies were sixteen miles northwest of that town. On the 26th, according to Petrograd dispatches, they were on an average of fifty miles north of Constanza. The difference between the retreat to the Marne and the Russo-Rumanian retreat is that the former was the falling back of a great host, whereas the forces Mackensen has pursued are probably a part only of the Allied forces he defeated, the remainder having made their way across the Danube by the bridge at Cernavoda, which they destroyed behind them.

The battle in the Dobrudja and its aftermath may be visualized a little more clearly if we translate the geographical terms. We may substitute the Hudson for the Danube and the Poughkeepsie railway bridge for the bridge at Cernavoda over which the railway from Constanza to Bucharest runs in the same direction as the Boston & Albany. The battle was fought about fifteen miles south of the railway. Of the defeated forces, as they fell back, part crossed the bridge, part continued north until they stood, translating again, not far from Albany. Whether Mackensen has likewise divided his troops, detailing part for the forcing of the Danube and part for the pursuit to the north, we have no means of knowing. But quicker profits lie in the latter direction. At the point where the armies are now, the Danube widens out into a great estuary which makes difficult crossing for a retreating army. It so continues for sixty miles, and then turns sharply east in a similar course of confused river channels and marsh. A resolute pursuit promises the bagging of large numbers of prisoners. For the Allies the only way of escape, unless strongly reinforced, is into the constricted corner where the Danube makes its great bend at Galatz.

The dressing of a wolf in sheep's clothing is nothing beside the Turkish Foreign Minister's impudent picturing of his Empire's attitude towards the Armenians. Were it not for the terrible tragedy in the background, there would be something humorous in his account of himself and other Ministers as fast friends of the Armenians, benevolent advisers against an uprising till the Armenians "are sure we are lost," and regretful executors of measures which he mildly groups under the term "deportation." For all his impudence, Halil Bey does not make out a plausible justification for his Government. All the world knows that the "deportation" included unprecedented massacre and outrage, but over this he glides without a word. Even he does not pretend that the alleged rebellion occurred outside a "single district," and has to explain that the terribly perfect organization of the Armenians made "a sweeping measure at the first hint of an uprising" necessary. What actually was regarded as this "first hint," as we know from American missionaries and sources reached by the Bryce Commission, was nothing or next to nothing. The first outrages began under the baseless pretence of searching for arms; under a law authorizing the deportation—at which Halil Bey weeps crocodile tears as causing Turkey economic loss—occurred organized murder and torture on a scale unknown since the Middle Ages. The Turkish Minister's defence of the atrocities can have no other effect than that of stirring afresh the world's indignation.

The threatened strike on the Canadian Pacific, averted apparently by the company's grant of important concessions, is interesting for the light it throws on one defect of the Lemieux Industrial Disputes act. It is hardly true that, as one newspaper remarked, the employees "spurned" the act. The difficulty is of two and a half years' standing. In 1914 the Government, at the request of the men, appointed a board of conciliation which, as required by the act, made its recommendations and was then dissolved. The recommendations were largely unfavorable to the men, and after long deliberation they voted to strike, this vote being followed by renewed negotiations between men and company. The right of an employer to lock out men or of men to strike following the report of such a board is unquestioned, for the Board has no power beyond what it exerts on public opinion. The Minister of Labor never flatly asserted the illegality of the proposed strike. But he did say the question might reasonably be raised whether an inquiry conducted two years ago, when conditions were different, complies with the provision of the act requiring a board of conciliation *before* a strike. Clearly, the Lemieux act is in need of some amendment definitely stating the time-limit within which an investigation may be held to make a strike legal.

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WITHOUT ALTERNATIVES.

"I can think of several reasons why I might vote against Wilson," said a puzzled Independent the other day, "but I can't think of one why I should vote for Hughes." This puts compactly the extraordinary nature of the present Presidential campaign. The voters are without the alternatives usually contemplated in a change of party control of the Government. The two-party theory is, and ordinarily the facts roughly correspond to it, that the things you object to in one party will be gone against by the other. There is seldom, to be sure, a clear-cut distinction in the whole line of party doctrine or of party personnel. It has often been true since Dr. Johnson's day, as it was in his, that you have to think of a political party as a faggot, and content yourself with choosing the one in which there is the smallest number of rotten sticks. But we doubt if Americans who swear by no party ever before had to confront such a failure of the Opposition party to offer them a refuge. This fact has been the great weakness of Mr. Hughes's campaign, and it has been the more glaring as his speeches and the days have slipped by.

Many have disliked Mr. Wilson's foreign policy, for one reason or another. But have they a clearly different or more satisfactory policy offered them by his opponent? After a careful reading of all of Mr. Hughes's vehement speeches against the President's conduct of foreign affairs, we can come to only one conclusion: his aims would have been the same as Mr. Wilson's; he would have reached the same goal; only he would have used slightly different methods. There is no real alternative here. Mr. Hughes repudiates with emotion the intimation that he would have led the country into war. The legal and moral bases of the President's action he virtually accepts as his own. He is compelled to do so. He admits, for instance, that Americans going to Mexico are subject to the law of Mexico. But somehow, by being very "firm"—yet never war-like—Mr. Hughes would have prevented everything unpleasant that has occurred under Mr. Wilson's Administration, and kept all the good results. At those results he would simply have arrived by another path. In all this, we submit, there is, in lawyer's phrase, no true joining of issues. The unattached voter, troubled by Mr. Wilson, gets no real alternative in Mr. Hughes.

In domestic matters the same lack appears. Are any large body of citizens still disquieted by the surrenders of President Wilson to the demands of the militarists? What relief does Mr. Hughes propose? None whatever. He would outstrip all that Mr. Wilson has done in that direction. In the whole affair of "preparedness" and building up the nation's military might, his little finger would be thicker than Mr. Wilson's loins. Conscientious pacifists may be repelled by Mr. Wilson, but they cannot possibly be attracted by Mr. Hughes. Or, take the other question, on which Mr. Wilson has disturbed so many of his former supporters—his apparent readiness to go over to some protective features in the tariff. We may speak of this as a huge inconsistency on his part, but if it is high protection which we wish to cast our influence against, there is no hope for us in Hughes. He has talked up a protective tariff in the blindest and crudest sort of way. It would be a topsy-turvy proceeding for any low-tariff man to vote against Wilson to punish him for assenting to a Tariff Commission, and give aid and comfort to a party that would, if it had the power, wallow in the mire of high protection again. Here, too, the dissatisfied voter is robbed of a party alternative.

But is there not one undeniable difference between President Wilson and Mr. Hughes? The latter strove to make one out in his preëlection statement on Monday. His words are as follows:

> My conception of the Presidency differs absolutely from that of Mr. Wilson. I look upon the President as the administrative head of the Government. He looks upon the President as primarily the political leader and lawmaker of the nation.

Of this, two things are to be said. Mr. Hughes did not at all display that "conception" of the function of an Executive when he was Governor of New York. Then he was as truly an initiator of legislation as Mr. Wilson. He went to Albany for his first term with a draft of the Public Service Commission law in his pocket. It was his measure, so understood to be from the beginning, and enacted by means of his direct personal and official influence. Much the same could be said of his bill for direct primaries, for his public campaign in order to compel the Legislature to repeal the law permitting gambling at race tracks. As Governor, Mr. Hughes did not for a day relapse into the attitude of a mere public functionary, a do-nothing king. He threw himself heart and soul into the whole public work of the State. And what he did at Albany there is every reason to believe that he would do at Washington. He cannot have suffered such a sea change as he intimates. And, in the second place, if he desired to render the Presidency merely an office for the making of appointments and the signing of bills, he could not. The country has moved on since Buchanan. The stamp which Roosevelt and Wilson have left upon the Presidency cannot be obliterated. The President will now have to be national leader, whether he wants to be or not. He will be obliged to have much to do with legislation, whether he likes doing it or not. So that in this aspect of the contest, too, a well-defined distinction between Wilson and Hughes cannot be made out. And all along the line, the voters in doubt about supporting Wilson find no satisfaction in the thought of turning to Hughes.

THE "FLAG OF TRUCE."

William Allen White, of Kansas, has not taken an active part in this campaign. Till now he has been content to make jokes about it, to remark humorously upon its various developments, to indulge in witticisms at the expense of the candidates and of former Progressives—including himself. But now he has resumed his favorite rôle of blurting out the truth. After a long conference the other day with Mr. Roosevelt at Denver, he delivered himself with great frankness in the Emporia *Gazette*. His long article he headed "Roosevelt's Flag of Truce." The whole argument of it is that there has been and can be no real union between the Progressives and the Republican party; that the old "irrepressible conflict" exists; and only a truce has been declared in order to give the Republicans an opportunity to make a complete surrender. Here are Mr. White's explicit words:

> They [the Progressives] are voting for Hughes, many of them, in the sincere belief that he will wreck and utterly destroy the Republican party of 1912 by discrediting its leadership and discarding its conservatism. Upon no other basis would they vote for any Republican candidate.

Great comfort is got by Mr. White out of the fact that at Denver Mr. Roosevelt actually quoted a couple of planks from the Progressive platform of 1912. They related merely to regulation of business. But a jump is made to the inference that, in the act, the Colonel intended to "nail the Republican candidate for the Presidency to the Progressive platform of 1912." Hence the Denver speech, affirms William Allen White, is Mr. Roosevelt's "alibi." You may think that you know where he is, but he is really "elsewhere." He is still a Progressive. His desertion of Social Justice is only temporary. After Hughes is elected, or, horrible thought—though it may not be so horrible to the

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Colonel, after all—defeated, he will be the same Progressive that he suddenly ceased to be. Meanwhile, "voting for Hughes does not reunite the Republican party. Every Progressive who votes for Hughes has the same reservation that evidently Col. Roosevelt has."

This will be mighty interesting reading to a good many Republicans. It can hardly be very pleasant reading for Mr. Hughes. His campaign has been conducted throughout on the theory that there is the most perfect union between Republicans and Progressives. They have kissed and made up. All bygones are to be forgotten. In the presence of the common enemy the grand old party has healed all its divisions. But into this happy family now bursts the naughty boy from Kansas. Don't fancy for a moment, he cries out, that we Progressives are embracing the Republicans because we love them or trust them. We are only waiting to see if they will knuckle under to us and, if they don't, let them beware the spear that knows no brother!

If there is a certain defiance in all this, it must be admitted that there is also a lurking apology. Like many other Progressives, Mr. White is apparently a bit ashamed of the new banner under which they are asked to march, "Anything to Beat Wilson." The betrayal of the Progressives at Chicago by their leader, with his subsequent mad rush to "tear Wilson to pieces," must have left a feeling of shame in many a Progressive heart. And Mr. White, after communing with Col. Roosevelt, thinks he sees a way out. The Progressives have not surrendered; they are going to call upon the Republicans to surrender. During the momentary truce a semblance of harmony has to be kept up, but only wait and see how the Progressives will fly at the throats of their present allies as soon as the chance comes! This may be an ingenious way of appealing to the old militant spirit of the Western Progressives, but it must throw a chill into complacent Republicans. And it is a bold attempt to shatter Mr. Hughes's assumption that all is forgotten and forgiven.

Mr. William Allen White may save his own soul by this utterance of his, but where does it leave his idolized Colonel? If what Mr. White, speaking almost in Mr. Roosevelt's name, says, is true, the pretended union of Republicans and Progressives is a conscious fraud. An English political party was once denounced as "organized hypocrisy." But we have a case here of disorganized hypocrisy, if this Progressive spokesman is correct. The boasted reunion is a myth. The two parties to it thoroughly dislike and distrust each other, and are only waiting for the day when they may again get their daggers out. So much we learn from the Kansas *enfant terrible*.

One conclusion from what he says is irresistible. It is that Mr. Hughes missed another opportunity for bold and constructive and appealing leadership. He might have stepped forward as one who hoped to rejuvenate, as well as reunite, his party; to make it forward-looking; to give it fresh issues and new goals; to declare that it would be made the effective instrument for accomplishing what the sincere and self-sacrificing Progressives had prayed for and labored to bring about. But he took the other line. His preferred plan of campaign was to sit tight and to sing low of all being now Republican grace, mercy, and peace. And the Emporia bombshell now explodes to prove that he has been crying peace when there was no peace.

HOW THE OTHER HALF THINKS.

"If you want to pay twenty dollars a barrel for flour, vote for Wilson"—that is what a prosperous-looking, well-dressed, and evidently perfectly sincere man was overheard saying to a little group of more or less serious thinkers in a country hotel in Connecticut. How fully he may have developed the argument the witness is unable to say; but from the hearty response visible in the faces of his auditors it was plain that any elaboration of the reasoning was unnecessary. Flour is in the neighborhood of ten dollars a barrel under Wilson, whereas it was four or five under Taft and Roosevelt—and do we not all know that a word to the wise is sufficient? If, however, anything more were needed, the figures of the market furnish it in abundance. On Tuesday of last week "Flour, Minn., pat.," was quoted as $9.20, and $5.50 on June 23, 1916. This is an advance of 67 per cent. in four months, which percentage of increase, if continued, will bring the price to twenty dollars a barrel very soon after the inauguration of the next President. And if that President should be Woodrow Wilson, who can doubt that the price will go to that level, or even higher? If we want to continue to eat the white bread that we love, we must put in a Republican President, who will put prices down by the enactment of a good stiff old-fashioned tariff.

But on the other hand, look at the way business is booming, factories are working overtime, the job seeking the man instead of the man seeking the job. Why, right in the city of New York a sub-committee of the Board of Estimate has recommended the discontinuance of the city's Employment Bureau on the ground that there is no difficulty about getting employment, and the persons who want the Bureau kept up have a hard time getting the public interested in the matter. Is it to be supposed for one moment that the working people of the United States are going to run the risk of falling back from this fine condition? Not on your life; work is abundant and wages high, and who knows what will happen if we make a change? The Republicans can talk about the temporariness of prosperity, the abnormal character of present conditions, till they are black in the face, but what we know we know, and the rest is all guesswork. "The present moment is our own, the next we never saw"; Wilson has given us prosperity, and he's good enough for me. Besides, didn't he make Congress pass an Eight-Hour law for the railways, and won't he be sure to go ahead on the same line till we all get it? Wilson for mine, I say, and let the logic-choppers chop away till they're tired.

An amusing—or, if you choose so to take it, a depressing—contribution to the campaign in its more childish aspects is furnished by the news that Mr. Henry Ford, as the result of "an inspiring talk" with the President, put all the women in his factories on the five-dollars-a-day minimum wage basis. This move, on the eve of election, is expected to swing an enormous number of Illinois women voters into the Wilson column. That Mr. Ford was an ardent Wilson man was known before; that he can afford to give whatever largess this act implies to the women workers in his establishment out of the $60,000,000 annual profit that it is yielding, is equally obvious; what else it means as regards the election it would be difficult for any one to say. Employers who are making from 6 to 20 per cent. profit on their investment can no more afford to follow, in this move, the example of an employer whose profit is 3000 per cent. or thereabouts than they could afford to follow it in the original five-dollars-a-day move; still less can any prediction be made of such possibilities in times less prosperous for American manufacturers than the present. Never mind. Mr. Ford is a good man, he is for Wilson, he is setting an example that other people ought to follow if they could; isn't that a sufficient reason for reëlecting the President?

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How large a proportion of the voters of the United States are going to be swayed in their decision on the seventh of November by considerations of this degree of political profundity, we would not undertake to say. Whether it is one-half, or one-fourth, or three-fourths, however, makes little difference. In this country, and in every other, the body of citizens who rise hardly, if at all, above this level in their political thinking, is very great—so great that one might be inclined, in reflecting upon it, to take an utterly despondent view of the nature and prospects of democratic government. Nor can one's gloom be dispelled by the thought that it is a new thing, or even that it is a character attaching to universal suffrage as distinguished from a more limited voting franchise. "Pickwick" was written three-quarters of a century ago, and when the franchise in England was the privilege of a very limited class; yet the picture of the Eatanswill contest, with its mighty issues between the Buffs and the Blues, was quite as much a portrait as a caricature. Nevertheless, this despondency would be misplaced, this pessimism unjustified. In the first place, the thing is largely illusory, the common man is not such a fool as he seems. It is, in the main, the man who wants to vote against Wilson that finds him responsible for the price of flour, and the man who wants to vote for him that gives him credit for the demand for labor. And, what is still more important, whatever "the other half" may be thinking, elections are decided, nine times out of ten, by that fraction to whom arguments really appeal.

TO MAKE THE PEACE SECURE.

During the past month or two there has been a great deal of talk about peace in high quarters in England as well as in Germany. But between the things that have been said in England and the things that have been said in Germany there is a sharp contrast in two essential respects. In the first place, what the German statesmen's thoughts are centred upon is the possibility of bringing the war to an end by coming to terms with their enemies, in one way or another, without fighting the war out to the bitter end; whereas the men at the head of affairs in England—Asquith, Lloyd George, Grey—are absolutely unbending in their resolution to entertain no proposals of peace except such as would be predicated on the decisive defeat of Germany. And secondly, the German preoccupation is wholly with the question of the ending of this war, and has no concern with the prevention of future wars except in so far as this may be implied in the demanding of terms of peace which shall leave Germany a mighty state, fully capable of defending itself against aggression; whereas in utterance after utterance of the leading English statesmen the idea is put forward of establishing a new régime, under which, through some form of international coöperation, a repetition of the stupendous calamity that has befallen the world will be made impossible.

Within little more than a fortnight, all three of the chief figures in the British Ministry have made statements showing how serious a place is occupied in their thoughts of the future by the prospect of some such international combination as is aimed at in the project of a League to Enforce Peace. In a speech made a few days ago before the Foreign Press Association, Viscount Grey referred to the fact that "not only President Wilson, but Mr. Hughes, is supporting a league started not with the object of interfering with the belligerents in this war, but which will do its part in making peace secure in the future," and declared that this "is a work of neutral countries to which we should all look with favor and hope." What the Foreign Secretary took occasion to say in connection with the position of the President and Mr. Hughes, he had said on his own account long ago. This fact was pointed out by Lloyd George in a recent debate in the House of Commons, in which he reminded a critic of the Government that Viscount Grey had publicly advocated the plan of an international combination to enforce peace before President Wilson had expressed himself on the subject. And in the course of the same debate Premier Asquith, while less explicitly indicating this method of securing the permanence of peace, yet referred in most impressive language to a goal that can hardly be attained in any other way. The tremendous sacrifices which the war has exacted have been given, he declared, in the firm belief that they "will purchase and surely hold in the years to come protection for the weak, the supremacy of right over force, and the free development under equal conditions, and each in accordance with its own genius, of all the states, great or small, that make up the family of civilized mankind."

Apart from the prospect that these utterances hold out of the actual inauguration of so momentous a plan for the promotion of the world's welfare, the mere fact that the thought of it has attained so prominent a place in the minds of leading statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic is in itself fraught with beneficent promise. In the first place, it is calculated to exercise a certain degree of restraining influence upon the spirit in which the primary terms of peace will be dictated by England and her allies in the event of a triumphant termination of the war. Unquestionably, in that event, terms will be exacted of Germany which will reduce her potentialities of aggression far below any point which at this moment Germans would regard as possible to consider; but the most elementary considerations of reason must suffice to convince the Allies that the wanton imposition of excessive and cruel conditions is incompatible with a permanent peace. And in the second place, it cannot fail to be seen by all thinking men that to undertake to establish harmony and lasting peace in the world, and at the same time to supply the very life-blood of discord and hostility through the deliberate establishment of a system of perennial economic discrimination, is to attempt an impossibility.

Nor do we despair of finding that even Germany will, in the fulness of time, range herself with the nations that are hoping to establish a lasting bulwark against the possibility of another such cataclysm as that which has in these bitter years engulfed the world in horror and woe. If she has as yet given comparatively little sign of thinking in that direction, this is not, we venture to think, to be ascribed exclusively to her supreme addiction to the idea of the state militant. That idea will itself be subjected to a terribly searching test in the minds and hearts of Germans after the war; but apart from this there stands the plain fact that Germany, unlike England or France, has now for a considerable time been confronted with the possibility of crushing failure, the thought of which is of necessity so absorbing as to relegate all considerations unconnected with it to an utterly subordinate place. England and France may speculate on what they will do with their expected victory; in Germany every thought is centred on the ways and means of averting defeat. Once that tension is relaxed, once minds are free to dwell on the awful toll of life, the unspeakable desolation that has entered into millions of homes, may we not expect that in Germany, no less than in England and France, the nation's voice will be heard in one imperious and universal cry of Never Again?

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Foreign Correspondence

A SYNTHETIC EXPERT—HOLLAND AND ISLAMISM.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, September 30.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has always been noted for its disinterested love of Holland and the Dutch. Even in these expensive days of exorbitant paper prices, it devotes two long columns of its precious space to the disturbance in Djambi, a district on the east coast of Sumatra, where the native population has risen in arms against the colonial authorities. The article was from the hand of a certain Dr. Max Roloff, "a fully competent judge" of Dutch colonial administration, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "as for nearly thirteen years he had been adviser to the Netherlands Government on matters touching the Islam." This blunder of the *Frankfurter* has caused great amusement to the Dutch, for every Hollander who is interested in his colonies could have told the German editor that, during the period in which Dr. Roloff was supposed to have held that important office, from 1895 to 1908, no less a person than the famous orientalist Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje was the official adviser of the Government at Batavia. But the blunder grew to farcical proportions when the real history of this "fully competent authority" was brought to light. In the year which, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, marked the beginning of his advisory task, Dr. Roloff enlisted as a subaltern officer in the Dutch colonial army. His knowledge of Arabic, acquired during two years' service in the foreign legion in Algeria, might have helped him to a successful career, but in 1905 he had to appear before the court-martial on a charge of forgery and was sentenced to two years and ninety days' confinement. That is the man who gets the disposal of two columns of a leading paper to enlighten the German reader on Dutch colonial affairs. It seems as if the present search for substitutes, to which German inventiveness is driven by the British blockade, is not limited to foodstuffs, but has to supply a deficiency of "Deutsches wissen" as well.

If one were to believe Dr. Roloff, the systematic mismanagement of the colonies is responsible for the revolt in Djambi. But the picture he draws of Dutch colonial administration is one of bygone days, a copy of Multatuli's brilliant but tendentious novel, "Max Havelaar" (1860). Colonial authorities in Holland do not deny that part of the responsibility for the Djambi riots rests on the Government, but that extortion and systematic starvation of the natives, as Dr. Roloff asserts, has driven them to revolt is a downright lie. Dutch officials have sinned by leniency and an unwarranted trust in the loyalty of a newly pacified population. Only so short a time ago as 1907 was Djambi, after six years of fighting, reduced to a state of order and peace. The rule of the Sultan, who until then had been left in power under governmental control, had to make place for direct administration by Dutch officials; and four years later Resident Engelenburg could boast that Djambi had been reduced to order so far as to justify the abolition of various feudal rights and compulsory services which, before the war, had been claimed as their due by the native princes. That step appears to have been a mistake. By this premature emancipation the natives, accustomed to slave for despotic masters, became unsettled, and the Government, by giving up all traditional control of native labor, lost its contact with the people it had to rule. Among a populace thus unsettled, preachers of discontent and revolt had an easy game. Fantastic rumors about the war in Europe and of Turkish successes stirred up the naïve imagination of the people. They were told that two Turkish men-of-war had appeared within sight of the coast, ready to land Turkish troops at the first summons of the rebels. It is not clear yet from the telegrams whether the action of the "Sarekat Islam," a native organization officially recognized by the Government, has had a hand in the matter. Dr. Roloff, better informed than any one in Holland, refuses to believe in Mohammedan or Turkish instigation, and adds the transparent hint that "the members of the former Sultan's house are living, for the greater part, at Singapore, where they receive hospitality from the English." The purpose of this remark is easy to see: The Hollanders, whom the intrigues of Herr Keil in Java have made suspicious of German machinations, are to understand from Dr. Roloff's insinuation that hypocritic John Bull is the real brewer of mischief in the Dutch archipelago. But the revelations in the Dutch press as to the antecedents of Herr Roloff are a sufficient antidote against the venom of his pen.

The Djambi affair must not be regarded as a symptom of general discontent in the Dutch East Indies. Just a month ago, on August 31, Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, meetings were held in the principal towns of Java to demonstrate in favor of compulsory military service for both Europeans and natives, and representatives of the "Sarekat Islam" took an active part in these assemblies and supported the resolutions that were proposed. Not in all parts, indeed, of the Archipelago does the action of the "Sarekat Islam" run parallel with the wishes of the Government; an all too zealous activity of the Christian mission under the auspices of the former Governor-General has challenged the native's devotion to Islam, and it will require no small amount of skill and persuasion to allay the suspicions that have been raised in certain districts. An honest recognition of the native's right to choose his own creed might easily dispel these suspicions, but the Protestant zealots at home, who would decry such an admission by the Government as a betrayal of Christianity, form a powerful party in the state which the Government cannot ignore. I do not, therefore, urge the importance of the resolutions carried on August 31; but the events of that day have, at any rate, not demonstrated strong objections, on the part of the native population, to their taking a share in the defence of the country. That the duty of military service cannot be imposed on the Javanese without a simultaneous grant of civil rights is naturally recognized by the advocates of this new course in colonial policy. What is to be the extent of these grants will be a difficult problem to solve, but the Netherlands Government is, evidently, not deterred by the difficulties confronting it from striking out into this new untrodden road. Major J. van der Weyden, of the General Staff of the Netherlands Indian army, the chief advocate and writer of a book on "Compulsory service for natives and the constitution of our defensive power in the Dutch East Indies," has just sailed for Batavia, for the express purpose, it is supposed, of paving the way for a military organization as proposed by him in the above-mentioned book. Forecasts of the total failure of his plans have naturally accompanied his departure. Your correspondent, Mr. J. F. Scheltema, who, in a letter to the *Nation* of July 20, expressed his disbelief in the realization of the noble intentions aired at The Hague, shares his skepticism with a great many of his countrymen. Greed and sloth are, indeed, the besetting sins of the European capitalist in the tropics, and his egoism and inertia are a drag on all progress. But does not the skeptic, while recognizing the need of reform, make himself the accomplice of the greedy and the slothful by submitting, with a shrug of the shoulders, to the ugly fact of their obstructing power? Drystubble, that odious incarnation, created by Multatuli, of Dutch mercantilism, is still alive, but why is a belief in the ultimate defeat of his selfish aims to be derided as grandiloquent enthusiasm?

VENIZELOS LEAVES ATHENS — THE KING'S WORD—THE GREEK ISLANDS—AN OPPORTUNISTIC EDITOR.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS

ATHENS, September 27.

At last the great step has been taken and Venizelos has placed himself at the head of the revolutionary movement for national defence. Athens has been strangely quiet since the news became known, on September 25, of his departure from the Phaleron in the early hours before dawn for Crete. With him went Admiral Coundouriotis, commander-in-chief of the fleet. The quiet that reigns in Athens shows that something unusual has happened; silence has fallen even on the usually noisy cafés. The news is greedily read, but people are afraid to commit themselves, and publicly give no voice to their real feelings. It is a time of suspense for all, waiting for the portentous events that must now develop. That Coundouriotis should be with Venizelos is a heavy blow to the prestige of the King, for if Venizelos to his followers represents the brains, honesty, and strength of purpose of the Greek race, Coundouriotis, without distinction of party, represents to all Greeks the fighting qualities of their race and the best of their navy, of which they are rightly proud. His life has been devoted to service, not to politics, and his name has the glamour and carries the weight of that of a naval hero in Great Britain, or that of a Dewey after the battle of Manila with the American public. For Coundouriotis with the Greek navy played a most distinguished part in the war with Turkey, and he remains one of the popular heroes to-day. At the earnest request of the King, he was Minister of Marine in the Skouloudis Cabinet, but took little part in its councils and professed open contempt for its policy.

More than seventy officers of all grades left Athens during the night of September 24 to join the Provisional Government of National Defence in Macedonia. On the Atromitos, which carried Venizelos and Coundouriotis, was Mr. Embirikos, the largest ship-owner in Greece, who has dedicated his fortune to the national cause. On the Atromitos and Hesperia went, besides the chiefs, Miaoulis, former

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Minister of Marine, three naval captains, Brigadier-General Comninos, two superior officers of the First Regiment, the King's own, of which the Crown Prince is second in command, and many superior officers of all grades.

Mr. Venizelos made a statement to the *Patris*, published the following day. Abbreviated, I quote it as follows: "The struggle we begin to-day does not for the moment assume a movement against the Constitution. I have exhausted all legal means to induce action. We are obliged to form a provisional government, not to abolish the state of things in Athens, but to organize our military forces to defend Greek Macedonia. A schism in our national unity will be deplored, but the only chance to preserve it is the course I take. They have broken the national unity in delivering Macedonia to the enemy. I will fight to preserve it [the national unity]. The proof of my intentions is the fact that I establish national action only where the partisans of my ideas are in the absolute majority. I thus exclude the cause for civil war—the state of things established in Athens remains the same. If they persist in their actual path, we will fight to save Greece without them. If they join us, we will be with them side by side. I leave as a soldier who, after vainly persuading his companions, does not turn his arms against them, but takes his arms to fight the enemy."

One of the Liberal papers publishes in large text at the head of its columns the words of the oath which the King of Greece took on ascending the throne. No editorial comment follows; the readers are left to judge for themselves in the face of the events of last year and to-day how far that oath has been kept:

I swear, in the name of the Holy Trinity, consubstantial and indivisible, to protect the dominant religion of the Hellenes, to guard the Constitution and the laws of the Hellenic nation, and to preserve and defend the national independence and integrity of the Hellenic state.

On September 20 the year's recruits took their oath before the King. As much ceremony as possible had been lent to the occasion, but the King, by the address he made to the recruits, converted the ceremony into one of the scenes of the tragi-comedy that is being played in Greece to-day. Here are the words of the oath:

I swear:
to keep faith to my country and to the constitutional King of the Hellenes; obedience to the Constitution, to the laws and decrees of the state; submission to my superiors, to execute willingly and without explanation the commands of my superiors; to defend with faith and devotion and to the last drop of my blood, the flag, never to abandon nor separate myself from it; to observe strictly the military laws, and to conduct myself at all times like a brave and zealous soldier.

And here is the address the King made to the young soldiers:

Recruits!
By the oath which you have taken, you have become soldiers of the Fatherland, soldiers of the King, *my* soldiers. (*στρατιῶται ἰδικοί μου.*) You must conduct yourselves always as faithful soldiers, you must have faith in your superiors and through them in your King. But faith alone is not sufficient. A blind devotion is necessary to the will of your superiors and through your superiors to your King.

When every soldier does what he wishes and believes the country wants, then alas for that army and the country which has such an army.

You will hear *them* say many things to you [them includes Venizelos, the Liberal party, the Liberal press, and all opposed to the King's doctrines] only to mislead you, but do not believe them, because they sell their patriotism and are traffickers in their country. They wish to commit crimes which they hide under the mantle of patriotism. Do not believe them.

You enter the army where the spirit is admirable and which has such traditions, and you will impregnate yourself with its spirit and devotion, and do not forget the things I have said to you. Do not forget my words—

Long live the army!

More injudicious words could hardly have been spoken at the present time, but the King and Queen drove away, content with the applause of the thoughtless, and unaware of the bad impression and unfavorable comments that a wider publicity would bring. The *Patris*, a Liberal paper, speaking of the King's address on the following morning, said: "The soldiers swore faith to their country and to their constitutional King and to the flag. All these elevated precepts with the religious ceremony attending spoke in the deepest sense of the army being the armed force of the nation, that it is the instrument at the disposal of the national will, of that will of which the King is but the first exponent in a constitutionally organized state. But after the soldiers had taken the oath, they were to learn from the King that the Greek army constituted an armed force destined to the personal service of the King, 'his soldiers' dependent on him alone and owing him an exclusive and blind obedience."

The *Messager* criticises the King severely for his effort to make of the army a Prætorian Guard, and for his reference to the political men who have made Greece what it is, as barterers of patriotism and traffickers of their country. So it was with all the Liberal papers. For the base note of personal adulation and flattery we must turn to the *Embros:*

"The King spoke again yesterday to the army, the King, handsome, iron-souled, with the lion's courage, near His army, His old fighters, His heroes, His noble war companions, to the army of recruits, His new army which proudly enters the iron-souled family ready with their blood to water the incorruptible laurels of Kilkis.

"The King spoke! And now His voice was caressing, now trumpet-tongued and thunder-voiced. Most caressing were the words of the King-Father to His own soldiers, to His children. And then in clarion-toned voice His kingly lungs breathed into the chests of the recruits the clarion tones of faith and devotion, the clarion of duty, the clarion of national life. But thunder-tongued was His voice as He denounced the barterers of patriotism, the traffickers in their country, those who have forgotten the oath that the recruits took yesterday.

"In the midst of His army, preëminent in courage, in beauty—as a light, as a flame yesterday, stood the King."

There is much more to the same effect. A little of this may be amusing to the American reader, more might be nauseous. The writer of the panegyric ends by getting so tangled up that it becomes difficult to trace the subject, predicate, direct and indirect complement. All pronouns referring to the King personally are spelled with a capital letter, as if speaking of the Deity. It is difficult to understand how such a paper has a wide circle of readers among people who are sincere in their daily duties. The irritation resulting from a perusal of such papers temporarily warps a stranger's judgment, and he reads with a momentary acquiescence a wicked little vocabulary published in an Italian paper that has just reached Athens.

Greek. A dead language spoken to the confusion of the living.
Government. The German Legation.
Army. An armed force that lays down its arms and retires.
Neutrality. By public auction to the highest bidder.
Alliance. A snare.
Ally. The party to be surrendered to the enemy.
Hereditary Enemy. The party to whom the gates are opened by secret treaty.
Nation. Poor, old, unhappy, deaf, dumb, blind, and toothless.
People. A domestic animal.
Glorious Traditions. An embalmed corpse dedicated to tourists.
King. The husband of the Queen.
Queen. The sister of the Kaiser.
Dynasty. Commercial House, representing Germany.

All this may apply to the Greece of the King and his followers, to the Greece of the venal press, but what is most representative of the best in the country, what is most truly Greek, the leaven remaining that will leaven all the rest, remains untouched by this skit.

In the report in the Liberal papers of a recent interview given by the King to the correspondent of the Associated Press, surprise is expressed at his Majesty's lack of candor in saying: "It is not for me alone to decide what to do in the present juncture of affairs. It is a question for the Greeks in Thrace and Asia-Minor and the islands to arrive at a decision after having carefully weighed the frightful price to be paid in case of war." The King knows full well that the price has been paid without the chance or opportunity of redemption having been offered; the thousands of refugees who have arrived from Thrace and Asia-Minor could have informed him of that. Of the 350,000 Greeks in Thrace before the war, but 50,000 remain. The official statistics of the œcumenical patriarchate in Constantinople, dealing with the short period between April and August in 1915, show that in the districts contiguous to the Sea of Marmora and the Straits of Gallipoli the number of Greeks expelled in that time amounted to 76,289; a complementary list for the peninsula brings the number to over 100,000. After the young men who remained had been incorporated in the Turkish army the old people, women, and children were deported into the interior of Asia-Minor, despoiled of their property. In the districts to the north and south of Smyrna facing Mytilene, Samos, and Chios more than 100,000 were deported into the interior. I myself saw the arrival at the Piræus of hundreds of refugees from the coasts of Asia-Minor in December last year, women and children belonging to a fine race, superior in appearance to a similar number that might be gathered at random in Athens. And nothing struck one more painfully than the apparent indifference of the Athenians to the wanderers. The same scenes have been repeated recently in the case of refugees, women and children, from Eastern Macedonia.

What the islands think has been shown by the spread of the revolutionary movement there and in Crete. The text of the resolution voted at the great meeting at Mytilene on September 17 was placed in the hands of a commission of nine former Liberal Deputies and signed by them. Copies were transmitted by telegraph to the King, the Government, Mr. Venizelos, and the Ministers of the Entente. The manifesto from Mytilene, in common with the islands of Chios, Samos, Icaria (somewhat abbreviated), is as follows:

"Faithful to our native land, to Greece, to the traditions of our nation and race which

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we have preserved for five hundred years, and profoundly conscious owing to our recent liberation of our duties towards our country and race, we take measure of the enormous evils that have resulted from the recent national policy. We disavow with indignation that policy pursued by the Gounaris-Skouloudis Ministry, whose criminal character where our national interests were concerned has been clearly demonstrated. We declare ourselves earnestly, conjointly with the great majority of the country, in favor of the national policy of Venizelos, and we place ourselves by the side of the three protecting Powers, to whom we are attached by the traditions and interests of our race.

"We address at this supreme hour a last call to H. M. the King, we pray him to conform to the true sentiments of the nation, and to preach with loud voice the national unity, concentrating all the forces of the nation for the realization of that programme which the will of the nation imposes, and to the triumph of which his action will be the first pledge.

"We appeal to the King, as the representative of national unity, to avoid the great disaster which would fatally result by the division of that unity. The nation cannot follow a policy contrary to its deepest feelings and one that tolerates in Macedonia the presence of the hated enemy.

"We declare ourselves one with those Greeks who see before all else the country invaded and who make of all other obligations but its defence a secondary obligation."

A few days ago the Athenian papers recorded the arrest of the editor of the *Palingenesia*, of Heraklion, Crete. A letter by Mr. R. M. Dawkins, an English archæologist, gives some details concerning the cause of his arrest. The editor in question made a proposal to the English naval commander concerning a change of policy in the conduct of his paper. He stated that the German Legation paid him a lump sum of 24,000 francs, and a monthly subsidy of a thousand francs to pursue a Germanophile campaign in his paper; that after the war an anti-English propaganda was to be continued and his paper was to be one of the organs of that propaganda; that if he changed the policy of his paper suddenly, he would lose his readers; but that if given five weeks he would modify the policy of the paper so that at the end of that time it would be entirely in the English interest. But it was necessary to know if he should be required only to support the Entente, or if he must give his support to Venizelos at the same time. In the latter case the *Palingenesia* would demand a higher compensation.

To facilitate operations, however, he was willing to accept that compensation in kind instead of coin, and asked for permits to import certain merchandise, alleging that part of the profits was to be turned over to some anti-Venizelist Deputies, relatives of his. He demanded, as soon as the arrangement was completed, a permit to import 250 tons of rice, 250 tons of barley, and 10,000 empty Calcutta sacks, with a special permit to import weekly 50 tons of general merchandise. As soon as his conditions were accepted, his paper should become the official organ of English interests.

He made the same proposals to the naval second-in-command of the English fleet in the presence of Mr. Dawkins. When they remarked that the desired change in his opinions was due to the withdrawal of Baron Schenck from Athens he stated that he had in his hands the month's draft for 1,000 francs and he would not give up the Germans till he had come to an agreement with the English. The conclusion was unexpected; on his own showing he was an active member of the German propaganda and his arrest followed. The *Palingenesia* is awaiting its editor and his relatives must turn elsewhere for their profits.

Notes from the Capital

WILLIAM F. McCOMBS.

Having worked so long and faithfully for others, William Frank McCombs has been trying this season to do something really worth while on his own account. Widely varying estimates of his chances of success float into Washington, but all agree that, whatever the ultimate outcome, he will have made a highly creditable run, and that, if he gets the coveted Senatorship, he will have nobody to thank for it but himself. For he is running, not on the record of the Democratic party as a whole, or of President Wilson as an individual, but on his own record of success four years ago, when the Presidential race was everybody's till he came into it with his good horse system. As the first successful campaign manager his party had known for sixteen years, he was in line for about any important office he wished under the new Administration, and the common expectation was that he would be the next Postmaster-General. He would have made a good one, for the postal establishment, properly administered, is as strictly a business enterprise as the Treasury, and business methods are McCombs's specialty. Instead of that, the glittering gift of the Embassy to France was offered to him and declined. The declination was ostensibly based on the expense to which he would be put in Paris, and the prolonged absence from his country and his law practice which would be necessary; underneath everything lurked, I suspect, his consciousness that diplomacy, with its labyrinth of secret features, was not the most attractive occupation for a man who has always worked above-ground and whose special strength lies in his methodical use of material open to every one.

Although, technically speaking, Woodrow Wilson was first named as a Presidential candidate at Baltimore, in the summer of 1912, actually he dates his start in the race a good deal further back; for McCombs, as a student of political history and economics in the class of 1898 at Princeton, had picked out his favorite professor as a "coming man" with the same assurance that characterized Daniel Lamont's recognition of the possibilities latent in Grover Cleveland, Mayor of Buffalo; and the friendship formed in the classroom was kept up actively after the younger man's graduation, his course in law, and his upbuilding of a practice in New York. Meanwhile, conditions in Democratic politics were ripening for a new departure. Bryan the brass-bound and Parker the timid had had their day, and the great body of intelligent Democrats were clamoring for candidates who could cut loose from the old leaders and the old standards and modernize the party. McCombs read the signs aright, and prepared to take advantage of them. He saw that a fresh generation of voters were coming into the foreground of affairs, and that everything depended upon a successful appeal to them. He knew a great many of them, scattered over the country, and to these he wrote, expressing his views of the situation and his hopes for the future. Their responses he analyzed, entering on a white index-card the name and address of every correspondent who agreed with him, and on a colored card those of every other one, with appropriate memoranda in all cases. The cards he filed in their proper order, in a cabinet, till he had within reach of his hand a pretty complete directory of the live young men who were Democrats, near-Democrats, forward-looking independents, and uncertain but possible recruits of every stripe, in the United States, running up well into the hundreds of thousands. When a circular letter or document was to be mailed, or an inquiry to be made, in a certain neighborhood, or an emissary was to be sent there to do active canvassing, McCombs had the local map before him, as it were, and could direct his energies intelligently for producing the surest results.

This was the way he prepared for and handled the Baltimore opportunity, and landed his man at the head of the party ticket. This was the way he conducted the subsequent campaign. It was by this guide, also, that he was able to distinguish between the real "Wilson men" and the make-believes, when a host of claimants, after election, pressed forward to reap the fruits of victory. It was Lamont's general method repeated, but with a less crude mechanism. It was also quite in keeping with the personality of its author, which has not a taint of spasmodic emotion in it. His face, with prominent nose, its strong jaw, its wide, full mouth, and its winged eyebrows, impresses you with its seriousness in repose; only when it lights up with a smile—a phase never overworked—do you see it at its best. His unconscious trick of looking at you out of the corners of his eyes would, if you did not know the kindness of his nature, make you think he was suspicious of your motives; but when you notice that the lines in his forehead intensify with this movement, you realize that he is merely trying to make sure of your meaning. He is not an effusive talker, but a prize listener. On the platform he is a ready speaker, free from explosiveness. In what are commonly styled the arts of the orator he is untrained, although he is a Southern man all through, born in Missouri forty-one years ago, of Kentucky-Alabama parentage, and started on his educational course in a Tennessee school. His Southern-ness permeates his speech, which, in spite of his twenty years in the North, still retains some of the slurring consonants and gentle drawl of his ancestral section. All that he says, however, is matter-of-fact in form, logical in presentation, sane in sentiment, and pleasantly expressed; indeed, it was his amiable temper and agreeable manner which, in his university days, made him a social favorite in spite of his inability, due to an injury of his childhood which left him permanently lame, to join his mates in their athletic sports.

If McCombs reaches the Senate, we shall hear more of him as a committee worker and a general pilot of legislation than as a brilliant performer on the floor. He may not prove a Webster, or an Edmunds, or a Root; but as a legislator of practical usefulness and a debater with ideas of his own well marshalled, it is safe to say that he will do New York at least as much credit as Mr. O'Gorman, and probably a good deal more. TATTLER.

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The Future of the Carnegie Foundation

By ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

The Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching will have before them for decision, at their annual meeting on November 15, recommendations of President Pritchett looking to a radical alteration of the methods and functions of that trust.* Mr. Pritchett's proposals have already caused much fluttering in professorial dovecotes, and have evoked criticism and protest in many academic quarters. What is at issue, however, is not merely the private interest of a few college teachers, but the future usefulness of one of the greatest of American benefactions to education.

The new proposals can be fairly judged only in the light of the special purpose for which the Foundation exists. That purpose was defined with entire clearness at the time of the establishment of the fund, and has since been frequently reiterated. It is to "dignify" the status, strengthen the personnel, and raise the efficiency, of the academic profession, by increasing the economic attractiveness—or decreasing the economic disadvantages—of the scholar's calling. The aim of the Foundation is educational, not eleemosynary; but its distinctive methods for improving educational conditions consist in (a) enlarging the eventual total reward which may be hoped for by those who adopt the profession of teaching and investigation, and (b) facilitating the retirement of men whose usefulness has been impaired by age or disability. This intention was made plain in the opening words of Mr. Carnegie's letter of gift:

> I have reached the conclusion that the least rewarded of all the professions is that of the teacher in our higher educational institutions. . . . The consequences are grievous. Able men hesitate to adopt teaching as a career, and many old professors whose places should be taken by younger men cannot be retired.

The earlier reports of the president of the Foundation repeated and amplified this explanation of the purposes of the fund. "The first and largest ground for the establishment of systems of pensions for teachers," wrote Mr. Pritchett in his first report, "has been found in the wish to strengthen the profession of the teacher." "In the long run personal preference for the work of the teacher cannot be depended upon to secure an adequate supply of the best men." "It is true that the real teacher finds in the joy of teaching his chief reward . . . but it is also true that as the rewards and the honors of a profession increase it will become more attractive to men of ability, strength, and initiative." It is a fundamental principle that, "to better the profession of the teacher, and to attract into it increasing numbers of strong men, it is necessary that the retiring allowance should come as a matter of right, not as a charity," should be received by the teacher "on exactly the same basis as that upon which he receives his active salary, as a part of his academic compensation."

The new plan is ostensibly designed precisely to make possible a better realization of this original and principal object of the Foundation. The existing rules, as Mr. Pritchett remarks, have, after all, considered rather the needs and the state of mind of men already in the profession—and, indeed, approaching the end of their active service—than the needs and state of mind of men standing at the threshold of the academic career. The benefits promised by the present rules to teachers in "accepted institutions" are the following: (a) old-age pensions, available at sixty-five or later, and amounting usually to some 60 per cent. of the salary received by the teacher during his last five years of service; (b) disability pensions, in cases of total disability, but only after twenty-five years of service as professor, or thirty years as professor and instructor; (c) pensions to widows of teachers who have fulfilled either of the preceding conditions, equivalent to one-half that which the husband received or was entitled to receive. These three benefits, substantial as they must appear to men in advancing years, may well seem somewhat remote to a young man considering the adoption of the university teacher's profession; there has been, moreover, no legal means of compelling the eventual payment of these benefits, and there has been much reason in the past history of the Foundation for doubting whether its promises would be fulfilled. In short, for the hazards of the earlier years of professional life the Foundation has hitherto offered no provision at all; and even for its remoter contingencies it has offered no complete security. Reflecting, in the light of ten years' experience, upon these "weaknesses" of the existing scheme, Mr. Pritchett proposes to add to the three provisions already mentioned the following features: (d) insurance against disability or invalidity, beginning ten years earlier than under the present rules (p. 45); (e) life insurance for the period between entrance upon the profession and retirement under the old-age pension provision. Furthermore, the whole arrangement is to be put upon a contractual footing.

These additional forms of protection are, assuredly, eminently desirable things for the younger teacher. They cover risks graver—and, certainly, to the young married man, more immediately disquieting—than the risk of poverty in old age. For the latter, some provision can, with thrift, be gradually accumulated; and nearly all men in youth believe themselves capable of the requisite thrift. But the accidents of early disability or of the early death of the head of a family often create bitterly tragic situations, in the case of men who had been unable, out of their own meagre salaries, to carry adequate insurance. If the Carnegie Foundation were really offering to add these advantages to the benefits previously promised by it, it would very notably increase the attractiveness and security of the scholar's career.

There is, however, a singular and conspicuous fly in the ointment which Mr. Pritchett proffers, after his deep and kindly ponderings upon "social philosophy" in general, and the needs of university teachers in particular. The forms of insurance now outlined are, indeed, more extensive and therefore more desirable than the old; only it is not the Foundation which, in the main, is to pay for them. For what Mr. Pritchett proposes is *to transfer all of the cost of the old retiring-allowances, and most of the cost of the new insurance system, from the treasury of the Foundation to the private pocketbooks of the "beneficiaries."* It is true that he suggests that the colleges should pay half the cost of the annuities from their corporate funds. But this, in most institutions, is an unlikely, certainly a remote, consummation; and in any case Mr. Pritchett himself points out with emphasis (pp. 34, 54) that all such pension grants would be paid for, in the long run, by the teachers, through the foregoing of otherwise possible increases of salary. While certain contributions from the Foundation are proposed, these form a very small part of the whole. Hereafter—if the plan is adopted—the retiring-allowances hitherto given by the Foundation will be purchased by teachers as "annuities," at rates based upon ordinary actuarial calculations; and the new life-insurance benefit is similarly to be paid for on customary terms. Indeed, the report of a Wisconsin faculty committee shows that, for life-insurance and annuities together, better terms can already be obtained from commercial companies than are proposed in Mr. Pritchett's plan.

The participation of the Foundation, as outlined, will consist chiefly of three features: (1.) It will bear the whole cost of the disability insurance. The insurance of this sort which is offered is, however, very narrowly restricted. It is to be available only to those who have served twenty years (or fifteen, if wholly in professorial grades) and hold contracts for life insurance and annuity. Though apparently no commercial company writes so peculiar a policy as this, it is estimated by an actuary who has been good enough to advise me upon the point that such insurance, for the sum suggested ($1,200), could be purchased (beginning at age thirty) for a net annual premium of about three dollars; or, to the amount of the average present retiring allowance ($1,700), for less than five dollars. (2.) The Foundation will guarantee interest at 4½ per cent. on the sums paid in by professors, "unless the current rate of interest should be permanently lowered." This is, of course, a negligible consideration. In the words of a distinguished actuary, "practically no well-managed American company has ever earned a net rate

*A Comprehensive Plan of Insurance and Annuities for College Teachers. By Henry S. Pritchett. New York. 1916.

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of interest of less than 4½ per cent. over any extended period, and it is almost certain that this condition, which has continued over half a century, will hold for many years to come." (3.) The Foundation will carry the expense of administration, "if this is not supported by the surplus" of the fund contributed by others, and will pay taxes on premiums. The value of this contingent offer is difficult to estimate. The "load" really necessary to cover this expense has been found, in the experience of some commercial insurance companies, to be less than 10 per cent. of the premiums.

Assuming that this amount would in fact be furnished by the Foundation, and taking as the basis of reckoning the case of the "typical professor" mentioned by Mr. Pritchett (p. 31), it would seem that the Foundation's total contribution per teacher, in terms of annual cost or premium value, would be approximately $40; while the annual direct and indirect contribution of the teacher would amount to about $360. In the case of the maximum retiring-allowance, the annual cost to the teacher (or president) would be above $600, the contribution of the Foundation less than $75. The value (estimated, for a typical instance, upon the basis of tables furnished by Mr. Pritchett in his report) of the benefits promised teachers in accepted institutions by the present rules is at least four times the value of all benefits which it is proposed that the Foundation shall hereafter provide. According to the carefully considered opinion of the Wisconsin committee, "the advantages of the new plan over commercial insurance would be so slight as to offer no substantial inducement" to any college professor to participate in the scheme. It is to be observed, moreover, that President Pritchett insists that participation by *all* teachers must be made compulsory, in any institution which is to benefit by the Foundation's offers. In other words, the teacher will not only pay most of the cost of any benefits he receives, but also, in order to obtain employment, he must, willy-nilly, agree to regular deductions from his salary, to be paid into the insurance and annuity fund—whether or not he needs insurance, or is already insured, or can afford the premium, or has access to more advantageous opportunities for investment, or regards a corporation "controlled by the Foundation" (p. 50) as a safe and satisfactory depository for his insurance payments. A reading of President Pritchett's report, it may incidentally be remarked, produces the impression that the present management of the Foundation is peculiarly ill qualified to direct the affairs of an insurance company.

To such small dimensions will shrink the Foundation's contribution to the "attractiveness of the teaching profession," if Mr. Pritchett's proposals are adopted by the trustees.* The plan is admirably devised to render the Foundation almost completely ineffective for the purpose for which it was originally created; for it is certain that there is nothing in the benefits mentioned which will appreciably tend "to better the profession and attract into it increasing numbers of strong men." Strong men are likely to prefer to remain free from compulsion, even at the cost of paying, in some cases, a little more for the insurance they may carry. If it were, avowedly, chill penury which thus early represses the noble rage with which the Foundation began, there would be nothing more to say, so far as the future is concerned—though much would deserve to be said concerning the past management of the munificent gift which Mr. Carnegie placed in the hands of the trustees for a specific end. But, though it is certain that the Foundation's resources will, unless it receives a large increase of its endowment, be insufficient for an indefinite continuance of the present plan, it is not frankly as a measure of retrenchment that Mr. Pritchett presents his new project. It is, in fact, as a measure of expansion that he presents it. His purpose is to outline a "sound pension system available not only to the colleges at present associated with the Foundation, but available also to the great body of college teachers." The essence of the plan is, in short, to spread the Foundation's income so thin over so large an area that the advantages (not otherwise obtainable) which it will bring to any individual must be so slight as to be almost negligible—and will certainly be quite insufficient to constitute, for any intelligent man, an economic inducement to embrace the profession of the teacher and scientific investigator.

Such a policy is, of course, the sure road to futility for the custodians of any benevolent fund which, however large, is finite. Let it be supposed that Mr. Henry Ford has a surplus of ten million dollars which he wishes to give away; and that he has twenty thousand employees. If he adds $500 a year to the wages of each of these, upon condition of the attainment of a certain level of efficiency, he accomplishes three probably useful results: he substantially improves the material condition of twenty thousand families; he stimulates industry and skill; and he creates some tendency, on the part of other employers competing for skilled labor, to offer higher wages. But if Mr. Ford feels that he must be "comprehensive" in his beneficence, he will divide his surplus equally among the entire population of the country. In that event, each of us will receive ten cents—and nobody will be appreciably the better off. In short, the first and most elementary rule for the effective expenditure of any such fund is that it be not scattered in a multitude of petty grants, but be applied, at any given time, to the production of some definite and substantial benefit to a limited number of beneficiaries; and that it also be so used that, either by example or by its effect upon the conditions of competition, it may cause others to multiply, out of their own resources, the number of such benefits.

The more restricted the resources of the Foundation in the future, the more important it is that this principle be adhered to. It can, no doubt, be applied in practice in more than one way. Probably the wisest way would be to devote the Foundation's income to giving, from time to time, substantial lump sums to colleges of high standing—perhaps only to one each year or two—on condition that, with this aid, they establish pension systems of their own, or raise their scale of salaries. The likelihood of cooperation on the part of the colleges would, of course, depend a good deal upon the amount of the inducement and assistance the Foundation was able to offer. Such cooperation in the undertaking at present proposed by Mr. Pritchett is especially unlikely, because the Foundation offers so little. But if it should offer the amount of a whole year's income, or more, now to this, now to that institution, on the condition specified, it would doubtless find some response; and each pension system established would make it more difficult for other colleges, desirous of obtaining the abler sort of men for their faculties, to go on without such systems. The same plan would enable the Foundation to continue a genuine and notable service to American education which it has hitherto been rendering, by using its benefits as a leverage for raising the standards of scholarship in the colleges. By such a policy much could, in the course of half a century, be done to enhance the attractiveness, increase the security, and raise the efficiency of the academic profession.

One concluding remark must be added, though the necessity for it is to be regretted. It is evident that no new rules (however desirable in themselves) which may be adopted by the Foundation can either expediently or honorably be given a retroactive effect—that is, be regarded as annulling obligations to individuals or institutions imposed upon the Foundation by its present rules, taken in their natural sense. There is, however, an ominous sentence in Mr. Pritchett's report which seems to indicate that, to him, this principle is not wholly evident. While protesting that "the trustees will meet to the utmost of their power the expectations created by the present rules," he adds:

> It will require a number of years to change from the one system to the other. The actuaries have suggested that men below the age of forty-five could to their own advantage transfer from the one system to the other. Whether twenty years is a reasonable notification of a change in the rules is a matter

*In the case of one class of teachers, the possibility of more substantial benefits for a limited period is suggested. In so far as the above-mentioned expenditures "should not absorb the income of the Foundation," Mr. Pritchett suggests that the surplus be devoted to "assisting colleges now outside of the accepted list in the matter of their accrued liabilities"—*i. e.*, to aiding such colleges to give to their older teachers gratuitously, or at less than cost, the insurance for which the younger men would be paying. Such aid—conditioned, in any case, upon the doubtful financial coöperation of these colleges—would necessarily terminate with the discharge of these accrued liabilities. It would not, therefore, be a permanent part of the Foundation's activity. Moreover, the proposal is part of a general policy of extension and dilution of the advantages offered by the Foundation; upon this policy comment is made below.

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which will be considered in the most serious and conscientious manner by the trustees.

The last sentence, of course, refers to the period between forty-five and sixty-five, at which age the retiring allowances become payable under the present rules. What is really suggested here is the possibility of the withdrawal of all expectation of these pensions from men under forty-five, with no notice at all, beyond the publication of Mr. Pritchett's pamphlet. The intimation that this withdrawal may be to the pecuniary interest of the teachers affected cannot be taken seriously. The value—measured by the annual premiums which would be necessary in order to purchase them—of the present annuity and disability benefits, greatly exceeds, at any age, all the benefits—the only one of appreciable amount being, moreover, problematical—which are to be offered by the Foundation in their place, according to President Pritchett's new project.* The passage cited, therefore, illuminated as it is by some previous incidents in the history of the Foundation, leads one to suppose that Mr. Pritchett's mind is not altogether clear upon the question whether a corporation may, without breach of faith, abruptly withdraw from men in middle life the assurance of benefits, upon the expectation of which it has for ten years been inviting these men to base their provision for old age, their scale of protection for their dependents, and their general standard of living; whether, above all, this may properly be done by a corporation professedly designed to increase the security of the teacher's calling! The Carnegie Foundation would be converted into a sorry jest, indeed, at the expense of the majority of the present body of teachers in most of the principal American universities and colleges, if the course of action foreshadowed by President Pritchett, in the passage cited, should be adopted by the trustees.

Nor do the moral obligations of the Foundation stop short of the fulfilment of all that is promised by its present rules, in the case of even the youngest man now upon the teaching staff of any "accepted institution." Mr. Pritchett appears to deem it especially unreasonable that men only a year or two in the profession should be thought to have any claim upon the Foundation's consideration. Yet in equity these men would, if that were possible, have even a better claim than those who were already engaged in teaching when the Foundation was established. For the Foundation, as has been shown, has from the beginning presented itself as offering young men of ability a material inducement to embrace the teaching profession, rather than some other. Consequently, all those entering the profession since the offer was made must, by the Foundation, be presumed to have been in some degree influenced by that inducement. Yet Mr. Pritchett is apparently unable to see that a body corporate which makes offers by which it expects the action of others to be influenced, is morally bound to make its promises good to all who have by their action accepted those offers—even though the president of the corporation should in the meantime change his "social philosophy." The entire work of the Foundation has, of course, been based upon its promises; its distinctive business has been to effect certain results in the present (*i. e.*, at any given time) by causing people to believe that it would do certain things in the future (*i. e.*, at a specified subsequent time). Nothing short of an *uberrima fides* can befit the character of an institution of whose activity this promissory or expectation-creating function is the very essence.

Fortunately, it cannot be supposed that the trustees contemplate action of the sort which President Pritchett hints at. They have adopted a resolution expressing the intention of avoiding any "unfairness to the just expectations of institutions or individuals under the present rules." If this resolution is construed in the only sense which it can legitimately bear, there need be no fear that the changes in the Foundation's rules which the future may prove inevitable will be given any retroactive application.

*The value of the proposed new benefits, as has been noted, may perhaps, in a typical case, equal forty dollars per annum; while, as one of Mr. Pritchett's tables shows, the premium requisite in order to secure a typical one-life annuity alone would, for a man of forty, exceed two hundred and forty dollars. The present rules, however, offer not only such annuity, but also one-half of the original amount to the widows of annuitants, and make some provision for disability pensions. Even though his college should assume half the premiums, the teacher compelled to shift to the new plan would still be greatly the loser thereby.

The Campaign

COMMUNICATIONS FROM SUBSCRIBERS ON THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE CONTEXT OF "TOO PROUD TO FIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the elaborate article, entitled "The 'Three' Candidates," by "An Independent Voter," in this week's *Nation*, I find the following:

> Possibly Mr. Wilson uttered his "too proud to fight" at an inopportune moment. Mr. Roosevelt with barbaric delight snatched the phrase out of its context, and repeated it from one end of the country to the other as something to bring a blush of shame to every American cheek. Well, in the opinion of a good many decent people, whose number is certainly increasing, "too proud to fight" is precisely the keynote of a civilized foreign policy for a great and powerful state to adopt towards small and "backward" nations.

There is nothing in the context of Mr. Wilson's Philadelphia speech of May 10, 1915, that tends to give to the phrase any such significance as "An Independent Voter" here attaches to it. There is no reference, express or implied, in the whole speech, to small or backward nations. It is true that the phrase has, in itself, no rational meaning unless it be supposed to refer to the pride which might deter a mighty state from attacking a weak or inferior one; but unfortunately the immediate context is such as to preclude this rational interpretation. These were the President's words:

> There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

This may make pure nonsense of the "too proud to fight" phrase; it certainly does not give it the significance which "An Independent Voter" would like to attach to it.

But there *was* a context, a context not within the speech, but outside of it. And that context was so plain, was writ so large, was so present in the thoughts of all men when the President was making his speech, that it gave to what was in itself meaningless or irrelevant an interpretation full of poignant import. That context was supplied not by the President's pen, but by the torpedo which, only three days before, had sunk the Lusitania. How instantaneous and how general was this interpretation may perhaps be judged from the following editorial which appeared on May 12—the very next day after the publication of the President's speech—in the New York *World*, a paper undeviatingly and intensely devoted to the support of Mr. Wilson:

> Not because we are for war, but because we are for peace, we rejoice in the fact that early yesterday morning the President announced that at Philadelphia the evening before he was not thinking of the Lusitania when he said:
>
> "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."
>
> Whatever these words may mean as abstraction, if applied to conditions now existing in a world cursed by lawless war, they are bound to be misinterpreted. They have been misinterpreted. No doubt they will be misinterpreted again and again, in spite of the qualification that now accompanies them, by those in Berlin who mistakenly assume that the rights and privileges of a nation of one hundred millions may be assailed with impunity.
>
> There is no surer way to thrust the great republic into the arena of strife than to encourage the idea, already too firmly held in some quarters, that we are inclined to meet insult and outrage with nothing more terrible than superior airs and fine phrases.

Thus it appears that it did not require the strenuous exertions of Mr. Roosevelt to inject into the phrase the meaning so widely ascribed to it. The "inopportune moment"—to quote the euphemism of "An Independent Voter"—was what did the business. Inopportune, indeed! And yet, inopportune as it was seen to be at the time, we now know far more fully than we did then—but not more fully than the President knew, or ought to have known—with what capacity for evil the phrase was fraught. For what could possibly be more calculated to confirm the assurances given by Secretary Bryan to Ambassador Dumba? What better means could have been chosen, short of the impossible recourse of a deliberate statement to that effect, to convince the German Government that, however strong might be our official threats of "strict accountability," of omitting "no word or act," and the rest of it, we never meant under any provocation to go beyond words?

From this interpretation there was only one possible way of escape, and the President took it by announcing that when he made that unfortunate remark he "was not thinking of the Lusitania." But in what kind of position does that leave him? Accepting it as literally true, it throws a ghastly light on the genuineness of his whole attitude towards the monstrous and unparalleled crime of May 7, with which all the world was ringing, which had stirred American indignation as it had not been stirred within living memory,

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which had roused even intense German-American sympathizers with the cause of their old Fatherland into readiness to join with the rest of the nation in horrified protest against Teutonic barbarity, and upon which the whole country was alive with tense anticipation to catch any indication of the President's purpose. But the President was not thinking about it! Pages could add nothing to the biting satire of a bit of a paragraph with which Don Marquis closed his column of bric-à-brac in the *Evening Sun* of that day: "The President says he was not thinking of the Lusitania, but we'll be hanged if *we* can think of anything else."

ANOTHER INDEPENDENT VOTER.

New York, October 28.

THE CASE FOR WILSON, AT ITS WORST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of us who are going to vote the Democratic ticket next month, provided the present situation remains substantially unchanged, are being called upon to justify or explain certain manifest inconsistencies and unsatisfactory performances of the present Administration. This challenge seems to be based on a theory that high office either makes a man infallible and superhuman or shows him up to be merely human and fallible. In the latter case, he is evidently to be regarded as unfit to continue in the office; and we are advised to turn to some one else who may be—in fact, promises to be—the inspired vehicle of all political revelation. No matter how futile he seems now to be, when once the oil has trickled down his beard, infallibility will be there. The other vessel was unworthy and has remained merely human.

But we have never regarded Mr. Wilson as a Moses or an Aaron. The burden of justifying him in his every action and thought does not seem to us to devolve upon us. We do not worry much over his inconsistencies, for we well remember that one is always inconsistent when one changes one's mind; and we do not regard any human being as so wise or inspired as to be exempt from learning by experience. We are ready to criticise Mr. Wilson on his record, or to commend him on it, as a mere human being placed in a difficult situation, doing the best he can, and of course making errors. One of the points that commend him to us is that he apparently regards himself in that way; we have seen no claims of infallibility issuing from him, but rather admissions that he has found much to learn. That attitude seems to us hopeful; it is at least candid, and, in this country, it is also courageous.

On viewing his record, we find a good deal that we do not like. He has not done what he might for civil service, he has not left us in as dignified a position in our relations with European nations as we could wish, we are a little ashamed of some aspects of the Mexican policy, we deplore his advocacy of the Shipping bill, we came near vowing not to vote for him when we saw what he did in the face of the threatened strike, especially when he wound that matter up with the four-pen episode. We cannot see another Grover Cleveland in him; another "tower of strength, that stood foursquare to all the winds that blew."

But Clevelands and Lincolns are *raræ aves* that seldom light on the Presidential tree. We cannot reasonably expect another for several decades. And this man has done a good deal that we thoroughly approve—this man and his party. There is a list of these doings in Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance. I do not need to name the items. The tradition that Mr. Wilson's party is incapable of constructive legislation is dispelled for all but the hopelessly predisposed and the uncandid. In any case, here is something positive to talk about, that well replaces Republican panegyrics on Republican prosperity-policies. And there is a certain temperateness in Mr. Wilson's claims about things accomplished, as well as a definiteness; he says nothing about having created natural resources or having manipulated the weather.

President Eliot has made an excellent case for supporting Mr. Wilson. It is still excellent if a number of its contentions be not accepted. There is something on the plus side, even if the Administration's great services are cancelled out against certain disservices that seem, even to us who support it, as deplorable. What is left constitutes a claim of a very modest order, the detractor will say. But even so, what is the counter-claim?

Not in Republican performance of sixteen years. That inspires no confidence in retrospect. It is an imposing array of committee chairmen that we shall have if this election reseats the Opposition. And not in the Republican candidate.

It would appear that, in default of a convincing policy, every effort was made to obtain a convincing candidate. Some of us were ready to vote for that candidate if he could make out a case. But there is no case made out as yet; and the eleventh hour is at hand. We are told that Mr. Hughes will be all right when once in the White House; but that must be a prophecy based on divination. Men change in the course of time, and under changed environments; we cannot be sure at all that Hughes as President will present an enlarged and macrocosmic performance on the lines of his exhibition as Governor. It looks very much as if he had attained his maximum of stature in his former capacities. He does not look big enough for the job of President. He has not shown up well at all in the qualifying competition. He does not inspire confidence—and those of us who feel this, and cannot resort to crystal-gazing or cheiromancy, cannot vote for him, whatever else we may do. He is a good man; he will undoubtedly do the best he can; but the best is not good enough, to judge by such criteria as any business man relies upon in his choice of men. If he has the guns, they make but a feeble report, and the damage seems to be slight, except perhaps in their recoil. And if he is merely at target practice, or is holding up his real explosives because certain tender souls around him do not like to hear the noise, so much the worse for his qualification work.

Some of us feel that Wilson's Administration is not so bad that we should vote for "anything rather than this." At its worst, we can imagine, and even recall, something worse. To vote against Wilson we need an alternative involving something more than a pious hope, and the latter thin and unsubstantial attraction is about the best that is offered us, so far as we can see. And the record of the present President justifies something more than a hope that he is open to new evidence, and may well come to rectify some of the things for which we now criticise him. We cannot see any course to pursue that is nearly so promising as to continue him, and his party, in control.

A. G. KELLER.

New Haven, Conn., October 20.

CONFLICTING DISAPPOINTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May it not be more accurate to say of Mr. Hughes that he has failed to be a disappointment? I mean a pleasant disappointment. In order to be genuinely disappointed by his campaign one must have felt an expectation that he would reveal powers of attraction—an expectation certainly not realized. But how many really entertained any such idea? Did even his friends and admirers? He was always being referred to as a man of ice—and yet we are now asked to hold him a disappointment when he runs true to predicted form. He isn't a disappointment; would that he were! The one real hope of his campaign lies in the fact that there is a conflicting disappointment in the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson, of whom such great things were hoped. If Mr. Hughes cannot attract, Mr. Wilson may repel. It makes little difference which, in the end. The real question is whether people enough are still going to vote for Mr. Wilson, despite their disappointment in him, to insure his reëlection.

The icy Mr. Hughes has tried manfully to reveal himself a man of fire—a man of what the age worships under the name of "punch" and "pep." It has not been a convincing exhibition. The hand might be the hand of Esau, but the voice was that of Jacob. My point is that this is a thing of secondary importance, and is certainly not to be described as a disappointment since it was the perfectly inevitable thing, clearly foretold. The real disappointment seems to me to be that in the President; and the one momentous question is whether, by November 7, it will still be as acute a disappointment as it was on the first of September. If it be so, Mr. Hughes's lack of compelling attractions will be of little importance.

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., October 19.

A GOOD POLITICIAN OR A GOOD PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have recently, with much emphasis, referred to Mr. Hughes as a disappointing candidate. The characterization seems in accord with the facts. But there is one phase of the situation which you have not adverted to in any way, as far as I have noticed. Mr. Hughes has proved, as candidate for the Presidency, a far less effective speaker than his record as Governor of New York would have led his backers to forecast. Granted. But the deduction that this has lost him adherents may not be as fully warranted as you seem to assume. Many Americans view with nothing short of shame Mr. Wilson's record as President. Our disgust with him as a President is very little mitigated by our admiration of him as a politician. Conversely, our confessed disappointment with Mr. Hughes as a politician has left practically undiminished our high hopes of him as an executive. Any one who wants

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to elect to the Presidency a good politician will undoubtedly vote for Mr. Wilson. But many who have a single eye to electing a good President will vote for Mr. Hughes, while acknowledging him inferior as a campaigner.

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE.

Baltimore, Md., October 21.

"NEUTRAL" ON WILSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has doubtless been comforting to that large number of independent voters known as Cleveland Democrats to read the subtle and illuminating analysis of Woodrow Wilson by a "Neutral" in your issue of September 14 last.

It is always pleasant to be able to explain inconsistencies of conduct without condemnation of character. Many of the attacks upon the Administration are thus weakened.

But there are two outstanding acts of Mr. Wilson's, which "Neutral's" analysis does not quite satisfy, and they will doubtless cut a large figure with the thinking voters before election day. One is the fact that Wilson wanted Bryan "knocked into a cocked hat" until the time that like-minded men had made Wilson a possible candidate, and then, with that political acumen his opponents must admit, he saw that he was running against Mr. Roosevelt, who had developed a considerable aptitude for running all branches of the Government, and had, therefore, a prior blanket lien on Wilson's particular point of executive control of legislative action. In this dilemma he abandoned his lifelong point of view and turned to Bryan, who still claimed influence over large masses of voters who are impervious to history or rhetoric.

The other point is the recent Railway Wage law, hypocritically called an eight-hour law, with Mr. Wilson's irritated reference to the men who stood for arbitration and his gift of the four pens with which he signed this novelty in American national legislation among his four new advisers. This whole proceeding is humiliating to an American.

Both these deeds were constructive. They were not merely passive. "Neutral's" theory, that accounts for so much where executive work has been forced on the President, will not explain these two acts, for they were unprompted by any outside power or influence. A charitable interpretation of them would be a desideratum.

LYNDEN EVANS.

Pelican Lake, Wis., September 18.

MR. WILSON'S DEMOCRACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your neutral analyst of President Wilson's policies in the *Nation* of September 14, in an extremely interesting interpretation, would have us believe, among other things, that "democracy as a mode of life is of less interest to him [Mr. Wilson] than democracy as a political expedient"; also that "he has probably no genuine personal interest in the Child Labor bill, but if its passage will clear the decks for the passage of other measures in which he is interested, let it pass." He is further characterized as a legislative leader, not as an executive, with little personal sympathy with individuals, finding it difficult to get the other man's point of view and not always recognizing the importance of that point of view.

Your contributor finds evidence to support these characterizations in "innumerable passages" from Woodrow Wilson's writings, in his natural inhibitions and past record, but would not upbraid him for these things any more than he would blame a man who has made an automobile for not making an aeroplane.

The present writer has known the President only from a distance varying from one to three thousand miles, and merely by report; evidently, therefore, less well than has your analyst. Yet, speaking also as a neutral in politics (and in many other things), he would ask whether these characterizations of scant personal sympathy and of interest in democracy merely as a political expedient are true interpretations of the man who, with such high humanitarianism, for the first time himself *fully* states the Mexican question (see *Ladies' Home Journal*, October, 1916, page 9), and who writes so sympathetically and understandingly "On Being Human" (p. 55, *Harper's*, 1916: reprinted from the *Atlantic*, 80:320-29).

Sir Rabindranath Tagore began his eastward lecture tour in America here in Tacoma last week with an indictment of "The Cult of Nationalism," censuring all nations for developing nationality merely as a tremendously efficient machine for self-aggrandizement, totally lacking in soul and losing sight of human welfare as a goal. Editorial comment finds Tagore merely destructive, though great, and the thought persists that perhaps on knowing our Mexican policy as the President himself has recently revealed it, and on knowing the humanitarianism of the author of "On Being Human," Tagore might at least modify the severity of his judgment of nationalism.

JOHN B. KAISER.

Tacoma, Wash., September 26.

Literature

SOLOGUB.

The Little Demon. By Feodor Sologub. Authorized translation by John Cournos and Richard Aldington. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

The Old House and Other Tales. By Feodor Sologub. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. The same.

The Sweet-Scented Name and Other Fairy Tales, Fables, and Stories. By Feodor Sologub. Edited by Stephen Graham. London: Constable & Co.

These three volumes introduce to readers of English a new Russian writer of marked power and originality. Feodor Sologub—or, to give him his real name, Fedor Teternikov—was born in 1864, only four years later than Chekhov, and five years earlier than Gorki. He came of poor parentage, spent his childhood in St. Petersburg, and gained sufficient education to become a primary school teacher and later inspector of schools. Unlike most Russian authors, who have been nearly all precocious, he began to publish only at the age of thirty, and won fame only when past forty. He is noted as a poet as well as a writer of fiction. The present volumes, we may hope, give a fair notion of his talent; at all events they contain work of the most varied character.

The translator of "The Old House" says with some degree of reason that "at his happiest, Sologub is a compound of Chekhov and Poe." Like Chekhov, he chooses his subjects primarily from the life of Russian city-dwellers; "The Little Demon" deals with a small country town more depressing in its baseness than any in Chekhov's geography. But, mingled with drab realism, he has fantastic elements that smack of Poe, of whom, if we may judge from a chance mention in "The Crimson Ribbon," he was a devoted admirer. This Poe strain in his work is, with apologies to Mr. Cournos, its least satisfying element. The Russian novelists have won their deserved fame by realism touched with sympathy; when they depart from the life around them into what is weird and grotesque they lose their power. Tales like "The Uniter of Souls" and "The Invoker of the Beast" are second-rate.

"The Little Demon," Sologub's most famous work, tells in some 350 pages the story of a schoolmaster, Peredonov, a man bereft of any attractive quality of soul or mind, without the faintest intellectual interests, the very impersonation of meanness and spite. "Peredonov could not understand the disinterested desire to please, not to be repulsive to others. Every such manifestation, even on the part of a boy, he considered a design against himself. . . . Neatness and cleanliness were repulsive to Peredonov. Perfumes seemed to him to be bad smells. He preferred the stink of a manured field—which he considered good for the health—to all the perfumes of the world." His associates are no better than he; his headmaster is honest, but mechanical and stupid. Peredonov debates whether he shall marry his mistress and second cousin, Varvara, in order to obtain through her an inspectorship that a princess for whom she once worked has hinted she may procure for him. He plans to get the inspectorship first and then jilt Varvara, but by forged letters the cunning Varvara tricks him into a marriage. Peredonov's baseness passes into a persecution mania, which causes him to set fire to a ballroom and to murder his acquaintance, Volodin. In a subordinate plot a wanton girl, Liudmilla, corrupts a shy, sensitive schoolboy, Sasha. In this episode one may see biting satire on Merezhkovski and his fellow-sensualists. When poor Sasha inquires why Liudmilla would have him take off his shirt, the girl exclaims "passionately":

> Why? Because I love beauty. Because I am a pagan, a sinner. I ought to have been born in ancient Athens. I love flowers, perfumes, brightly coloured clothes, the naked body. They say there is a soul. I don't know, I've never seen it. And what is it to me? Let me die altogether like an Undine, let me melt away like a cloud under the sun. I love the body, the strong, agile, naked body, which is capable of enjoyment. My dear, my idol, divine boy, just for a moment, only for a moment, let me see your beautiful shoulders. (P. 294.)

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The hopeful pair are preserved from detection partly because Peredonov spreads tales about them, and Peredonov is thought incapable of telling the truth.

This novel, despite reminiscences of other writers, has an uncanny power all its own, and is true to the Russian tradition in showing the unfeigned dislike of the author for the disgusting society that he depicts. The Poe element is seen in the gray phantom Netotikomka, the wriggling Touch-me-not, which haunts Peredonov and symbolizes his inward filth. The book has been likened to Gogol's "Dead Souls," but it wholly lacks the jovial humor, the genial warmth of the earlier author, who could transform his base material into pure gold, or, as he put it, into "a pearl of consciousness."

Yet Sologub has something in him that is akin neither to Chekhov nor to Poe; something that likens him to Hawthorne, of whom he perhaps has never read a word. Sologub is a poet, with dreams of a fair and lovely world quite the reverse of the town where lived Peredonov. He has written of himself—the quotation is from Williams's "Russia of the Russians"—"I am the god of a mysterious world, all the world is in my dreams alone." From this side of Sologub's nature spring charming idyls such as "She Who Wore a Crown," the tale of a poor widow whose sad life is transformed by a vision in a forest glade of three woodland princesses—really, three young summer visitors—who crown her with blossoms:

> And ever since that time Elena had known joy. Under the guise of the ordinary she had known the joy of her crowned life. All poverty and wretchedness had been transformed by her queenly pride, her exalted dignity.
>
> And now after many years, as she stood by the window waiting for her little son, though her dress was poor and shabby, she was whispering to herself as she remembered the crowning day of her life:
>
> "Man can overcome the world." ("The Sweet-Scented Name," p. 97.)

Most beautiful of all is the story of "The Old House." In the old country mansion live Borya's grandmother, sister, and mother; Borya, a brave young student, has been betrayed by a spy and hanged as a revolutionist. For long they refuse to believe in his death; love is too strong for fact: all is kept ready for Borya's homecoming and they eagerly scan the road watching for him to appear. But at last fact overcomes love:

> Loudly wailing, the mother calls: "Borya, Borya."
>
> Overflowing with tears, Elena Kirillovna replies: "Borya won't come. There is no Borya."
>
> Natasha stretches out her arms toward the lifeless moon, and cries out: "Borya has been hanged!"
>
> All three now stand side by side, looking at the moon, and weeping. Louder grows their sobbing, fiercer the note of despair. Their moans merge finally into a prolonged, wild wailing, which can be heard for some distance.
>
> The dog at the forester's hut is restless. Trembling with all his lean body, his short hair bristling, he has pricked up his ears. Rising, he stretches his slender limbs. His sharp muzzle, showing its teeth, is uplifted to the tormenting moon. His eyes burn with a yearning flame. The dog bays in answer to the distant wail of the women in the wood.
>
> People are asleep. (Pp. 103, 104.)

CURRENT FICTION.

A Russian Priest. By J. N. Potapenko. With an Introduction by James Adderley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Introduction is a short two-page preface by an English canon who twenty years ago got the idea for his first novel from this story. The Translator's Preface shows this to be a reprint of a version issued in 1891. It is well worth reprinting as an expression of Russian sanity and idealism, which have been so sadly obscured for us by the naturalists. It presents a young priest, ardent for the Christianity of sacrifice, facing the stupidity and venality of an established system. His scholarship gives him the best of prospects for early advancement; that is, to some post of comfort and profit in the Church. He is expected to make the most of his opportunity. To everybody's amazement and resentment, he refuses all "plums," and declares that he will be nothing more or less than a village priest. His bishop, though a worldly man himself, values the youth's disinterestedness and purity of purpose. The obscure parish to which he is assigned is probably neither better nor worse than the average. Its people are simple, frank, unprosperous, and much occupied with vodka. They are accustomed to being bled by their clergy. The parish is supposed to support two priests, a deacon, and a clerk, and in spite of the poverty of the parishioners, the functionaries have hitherto made a good thing of it. Our Father Cyril is put in charge; under him are three men of middle age, with large families. There is a real difficulty here. No salaries are provided for, and the priests and their satellites are free to get what they can. There is an elaborate system of charges for all services, funerals included. Against this system Father Cyril sets his face. He will do no bargaining, and his associates have to share the poverty which results. There are revolts and complaints to authority, but the bishop backs up the dreamer. In the end the priest rouses a new spirit of devotion and of genuine religious feeling, and the dull village promises to become a place of true Christian faith and living. The story is simply, and warmly, and gently told; there is a great deal of sound human feeling in it, as well as of spiritual aspiration.

The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

"This book," runs the author's Note, "was written in 1911 and finished in 1912, a year before war broke out. It was published serially in the year 1915 and the beginning of 1916. It must, therefore, go to the public on the basis of its merits alone, and as a picture of the peace-life of the great North West." Its merits alone—we wonder what the author's own opinion of them is? Quite serious, we may be sure, since his extended prefaces have shown him taking his work with extreme gravity. Like many other romancers, he has always fancied himself as a student of character and a painter of place. Yet this is not a picture of the peace-life of the great Northwest, or of any other sort of life on any other part of this earth's surface. It is an arrangement of types and situations and incidents in the dream-country of Romance. And it remains an arrangement; no true and noble romantic action is achieved. We sniff at cheap melodrama because it works woodenly, by stale perfunctory rule. And the partitions between this sort of fraud and the fraud of cheap romance are flimsy indeed. Not a little of Sir Gilbert's earlier work had the true gusto and glamour. Canada gave him the minor asset of a fresh setting and atmosphere, always useful to the romancer in creating the necessary illusion of a bond between his dream and our fact. But we must think it was his fresh ardor and skill in using the perennial materials that gave him his popular success. No reader who is at all responsive to romantic virtue—as all readers may well be, in the heaven-sent mood—will read "The Right of Way" or "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" without the due glow and thrill. But there is little of the kind to be had from the later stories. "The World for Sale" deals with the old matter, and feebly echoes the old manner. The whole affair is trumped up, machine-made. We do not believe in this king of the Gypsies who has left his people years ago because his daughter wishes to be a Gorgio. We do not believe in his beautiful and foolhardy daughter. We do not believe in the Romany villain, old Druse's rival for the throne, and titular husband to Fleda. Nor does the Gorgio hero, Max Ingolby, quite crowd himself down our throats. He, we are to believe, is the Master Man, the white man who has come into this Canadian wilderness bearing the burden of civilization and progress. Of course he has enemies, and of course he spots them, and of course they seem to have the better of him for a time, and of course in the end he frustrates their knavish tricks, and makes men of them, and marries the Romany girl to the sound of appropriate music. It is all movie stuff.

Julius Le Vallon. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Probably no romancer now going has a more romantic past than the author of this story. He is son of a duchess and a K.C.B.; was educated in England, Scotland, and abroad: "Farmed in Canada" (let us take "Who's Who's" word literally); "went Rainy River goldfields; ran a hotel, etc.; joined staff of New York *Sun*, and later New York *Times;* dried-milk business; began writing books, 1906; lives abroad." There is as little trace of the New York *Sun* in his fiction

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as of the dried-milk business. His favorite field is the mystical-supernatural. This story is a particularly strange and in all senses far-fetched adventure in that field. Three members of some prehistoric tribe of sun-worshippers have been involved in a great wrong. One of them has perished as the result of an unlawful experiment ventured upon by the other two. After many rebirths, fate brings them together at last, in one age and upon one hemisphere. Le Vallon and Mason discover each other in an English boys' school. They are conscious at once of a bond, and in time they both recall a good deal out of that dim past. But only Le Vallon remembers clearly, and he does not impart his full knowledge to his friend. Mason only knows vaguely that an atonement is to be made, and that a third person, a woman, is bound up with it. He promises Le Vallon that when she is found he will do his part. Years later he is summoned by Le Vallon, who has found his prehistoric woman in the person of an English housemaid. Mason has been her lover in that earlier scene, but now Le Vallon has married her. She is vulgar and unbeautiful, but a glamour of charm and grace shines from her, to which Mason can but respond. However, there is no earthy triangular relation to be developed. The woman also has her intimations. All acts and words proceed, pretty tediously, towards the great event. Le Vallon is determined to make his own body the channel for those strange elemental forces which have slain Mason in his ancient embodiment. But he reckons without the woman, who, to save him, deliberately attracts the peril to herself. It enters the body of her unborn child, that being the line of least resistance. Le Vallon dies, Mason and the woman part, and we are given to understand that some strange, unearthly creature may have been borne by her as the fruit of all this endeavor. It is a theme of grewsome suggestiveness, such as might have been briefly and strikingly handled by a Poe or a Hawthorne. Mr. Blackwood makes a labored and long-drawn and rather tiresome business of it.

The Mark of the Beast. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: The Macaulay Co.

His publishers triumphantly announce this as Mr. Kauffman's most sensational story. Mr. Kauffman, in his Preface, neither claims nor disclaims thus much for it. What worries him is the fear that somebody may think he has meant something by his book. On the contrary, he assures us, he has "wanted only to tell a story." Taking the book on these grounds, we must express the opinion that he has failed—if we are right in inferring that he also wanted to tell a story that had some sort of merit. This is the merest claptrap, there is not a note of reality or sincerity in it anywhere. The persons are ridiculous manikins, the action is an affair of strings and wires. There is a single incident which the writer has hit upon as a nodus for his agreeable, aimless little story, and that is the rape of a Southern girl by a Southern white man of her own set. We believe no casual story-teller has hitherto hit upon this particular pleasantry, and we hasten to give Mr. Kauffman whatever credit is properly due to him for his novelty.

NEW LIGHT ON THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.

The Journals of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Sergeant John Ordway Kept on the Expedition of Western Exploration, 1803-1806. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Milo M. Quaife. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society. $1.50.

When the late Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites was preparing for publication the "Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition" he made diligent search for missing documents, and especially for John Ordway's long-lost journal. His search in the latter respect was fruitless, although it yielded other items of considerable value. The record kept by Ordway was known to have been purchased for a trifle by Clark and forwarded to Biddle to aid him in the preparation of his narrative of the memorable journey, published in Philadelphia in 1814. It was known, too, that Biddle thought well of the Sergeant's journal. However, the supposition that the note-books were returned to Capt. Clark, and were by him or his heirs misplaced or lost, proved to be groundless; for in the year 1913 Ordway's precious manuscript was found in the voluminous papers of Nicholas Biddle. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Biddle, a grandson of Nicholas, the Wisconsin Historical Society was permitted to make a copy of it for publication. Other materials, including a hitherto unknown journal of Lewis and Clark, were also placed at the Society's disposal.

The appearance of this volume will cause rejoicing among the numerous tribe of Western historians, to say nothing of the many amateurs who are distinctly interested in all matters relating to the momentous undertaking which Thomas Jefferson fathered more than one hundred and ten years ago.

Until the discovery of the journal kept by Capt. Lewis—and later by Clark—all extant records began with the departure of the exploring party from the camp on the river Dubois in May, 1804; and the principal source of information respecting the journey from Pittsburgh was the correspondence of Lewis with Jefferson, Clark, and others. It will therefore be apparent that the charming record—unhappily very incomplete—here printed for the first time, is a striking contribution to the expedition's history. The first entry is dated Pittsburgh, August 30, 1803, and the last December 12 of the same year. The most serious gap occurs between September 19 and November 12, a period of fifty-four days. It is possible, as Dr. Quaife suggests, that the hiatus is due to the entries for that interval being recorded in another notebook.

The journal of Lewis naturally receives first place, but John Ordway's is of far greater importance. It enjoys the distinction of being the only complete day-by-day record of the expedition. Beginning May 14, 1804, at the river Dubois, it ends at St. Louis, September 23, 1806, without a single break. Such a feat—for it is nothing less—speaks well for the physical and mental vigor of Sergeant Ordway. It is indeed remarkable that a man should pass through the trials and hardships which befell the exploring party and never once fail to make a daily entry in his diary. Nor are the entries bald or perfunctory: for the most part they are full and interesting. It is a noble record of about 125,000 words, giving us for the first time a daily check upon the narratives of other members of the company. Aside from the journals of the commanders, this is incomparably the best.

It is to be regretted that we know little concerning sturdy, competent John Ordway. He appears to have been one of a large family of good standing. Upon his return from the Far West, he proceeded to his New Hampshire home. Later he returned to Missouri, married, and settled at or near New Madrid. It is said that he died childless. That he enjoyed the full confidence of Lewis and Clark is made apparent by the responsibility which they placed upon him—and it is clear that he fully deserved their trust and good-will. If we may judge from his notebooks, Ordway was the best educated member of the party, with the exception of the two leaders. Moreover, he was alert and keenly observant. The following literal extract from his journal, selected at random, is a fair example of his manner of expression:

> Saturday 26th of April 1806. we got up our horses. took a light breakfast of a little dry Elk meat and set out proced on over a low level Smooth Sandy plain about 12 miles & halted & dined on a little dry Elk meat as we had nothing else. the day warm. we delayed about 1 hour and proceed on a number of the natives followed us, who are mooveing up the river & Some of them are going over the rockey mountn to kill buffaloe. Saw considerable Snow on the mountains to the South & S East. came 20 odd miles this day & Camped on the bank of the river. only small willows to burn &C.

With the publication of Ordway's notebooks, there remain to be recovered only the minor contributions of Frazier and Pryor, and the missing portion of Lewis's journal. The two former would probably add little of value to our knowledge of the expedition; but for sentimental if for no other reasons we hope that some day they will come to light. Manuscripts "lost beyond recovery" have a way, now and then, of turning up.

From one point of view it is unfortunate that Dr. Thwaites was unable to include the materials printed in this volume in his great edition of the "Original Journals," published in 1904. But the critic who possesses mental integrity must candidly admit that, although scholars are immensely grateful to Dr. Thwaites for having made his eight

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handsome volumes available, he fell far short of our expectations on the editorial side. His work in this particular left much to be desired; and for that reason we are inclined to think it best that the riches now presented to the public were reserved for a later time. Dr. Quaife's annotation is fuller and more careful than Thwaites's. Yet it is clear that he does not overestimate his labors. "The attempt," he writes, "has been made to identify, so far as possible, the numerous camps and other places mentioned in the narrative. The liability to error in this connection is great, yet the task has been undertaken in the belief that such information is essential to an understanding, by readers, of the journals presented. Whatever degree of error may inhere in this portion of the work, the reader may be confident he has before him an accurate transcript of the original records presented, armed with which he may ignore in so far as he chooses the editorial annotation which accompanies it."

The volume is briefly though adequately introduced by the editor, and closes with an excellent index. There are thirteen half-tone illustrations—maps, facsimiles, and views.

A PHILOSOPHIC HISTORY OF INDIA.

Indian Thought Past and Present. By R. W. Frazer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3 net.

The author of "A Literary History of India" has sought in this volume to condense into a small compass what might be called a Philosophic History of India. Ignoring for the nonce the literary quality of his material, he presents lucidly and with constant reference to modern authorities the history of the various religious and philosophical movements of the Aryan Hindus, occasionally including illustrative matter from the beliefs of the wild tribes. He thus gives a popular but on the whole satisfactory review of Brahmanic thought from the Vedas and Upanishads through the period of systematized philosophy, a general account of Buddhism and Hinduism, and closes with a chapter on present Indian thought.

As is to be expected in a work drawn largely from the lucubrations of his predecessors, there is a certain lack of control and of independent judgment which leads to doubtful or erroneous statements. Brihaspati lived in the sixth or seventh century A. D., not B. C. Not in the fifth century A. D., but a thousand years earlier, is there "for the first time in Indian metaphysics" no assumption of a god. That Shiva as son-in-law of Daksha is to be referred to the Deccan (Dakshina) is doubtful doctrine, nor is it probable that this god in his "earliest and most primitive conception" is a god of destruction and wrath and also a vegetation spirit. It is further hardly fair to say that in modern religious poetry "sound rules over the thought," nor is the discussion of *suttee* properly closed with Mueller's interpretation of the Vedic verse which "tells the widow to go up into the fire." The subject of Buddhist sects and the evaporation (so to speak) of Buddhism in India might have been advantageously enlarged by a page or two to explain that some modern sects are, in fact, largely concealed avatars of Buddhism itself, which actually lingered in India till the seventeenth century.

To the historian the best, as it is the most original, part of this work will be the chapter on present Hindu thought as found in Tamil poetry, where, indeed, the author is most at home. Some interesting notes appear in regard to modern conditions, such as the practical abolition of caste-inheritance and the deification to-day of the Maratha Queen Ahalya Bai. An older tale, but perhaps not known to all, is that regarding Akbar's fourth wife. Every man, according to the great emperor, should have four wives—one to talk to, one to do the housework, one to tend the children, and one to whip, as a warning to the other three.

On the whole, this book of three hundred odd pages will give the general reader a fairly accurate account of the progress of Hindu thought, though it must be understood that thought means almost exclusively religious and metaphysical speculation. What the Hindus thought about art, science, government, medicine, and other indifferent matters naturally does not enter into the discussion of "Indian Thought." This is not an ironical aspersion upon the title of Dr. Frazer's work. Hindu thought, so far as it has any value, is metaphysical and religious. Nothing else mattered much to the Hindus themselves, and consequently what they thought apart from these subject matters little to us.

Notes

"Hatchways," by Ethel Sidgwick, will be published on November 11 by Small, Maynard & Co.

Henry Holt & Co. are publishing to-day "Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask," by Richard Burton.

Little, Brown & Co.'s publications this month will include "The Intelligence of Woman," by W. L. George; "A Dictionary of Similes," by Frank J. Wilstach, and "The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables," by Seumas O'Brien.

Harper & Brothers have just published "Years of My Youth," by William Dean Howells; "The Incredible Honeymoon," by E. Nesbit; "The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Florence Howe Hall, and "Mark Tidd's Citadel," by Clarence Budington Kelland.

The following volumes will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "Poetry: The Renascence of Wonder," by Theodore Watts-Dunton; "The Blue-China Book," by Ada Walker Camehl; "Belle Jones," by Allan Meacham, and "The Moose Book," by Samuel Merrill.

The Macmillan Company announces as just published or forthcoming: "Fruit-Gathering," by Rabindranath Tagore; "Stray Birds and Withered Leaves," by the same; "Amateur Circus Life," by Ernest Balch; "Blithe McBride," by Beulah Marie Dix; "The Quest," by John G. Neihardt; "Distributive Justice: The Right and Wrong of our Present Distribution of Wealth," by John A. Ryan.

Among the children's books announced for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. are the following: "Half True Stories," by Stanton Davis Kirkham; "Far Countries as Seen by a Boy," by M. Beecher Longyear, and "Dolly Days and Dolly Ways," by Abbie N. Smith.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication immediately or in the near future: "Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving, together with Other Brevoort Papers Heretofore Unpublished," edited with introduction by George S. Hellman; "Memories," by Edward Clodd; "Life and Times of David Humphreys, 1752-1815," by Frank Landon Humphreys; "Isaac Mayer Wise—Founder of American Judaism," by Max B. May; "The Story of the Trust Companies," by Edward Ten Broeck Perine; "Old Pottery and Porcelain," by F. W. Burgess; "Christian Science and the Ordinary Man," by Walter Stewart Harris; "How the Prussians Came to Poland," by the Marquise Laura de Gozdawa de Turczynowicz; "The Germans," by J. M. Robertson; a new edition of "Mr. Midshipman Easy," by Capt. Frederick Marryat, and a revised edition of "The American Republic and Its Government," by James Albert Woodburn. In the Loeb Classical Library it is expected that the following volumes will be ready shortly: Dio Cassius, "Roman History," by E. Cary (9 volumes), Vol. IV; Galen, "On the Natural Faculties," by A. J. Brock; "Greek Anthology," by W. R. Paton, Vol. I; "Procopius," by H. B. Dewing (6 volumes), Vol. II; Theophrastus, "History of Plants," by Sir Arthur F. Hort, 2 volumes; Plutarch, "The Parallel Lives," by B. Perrin (10 volumes), Vol. IV; "Daphnis and Chloe," Thornley's translation, revised by J. M. Edmunds, and "Parthenias," by S. Gaselee (the last two in one volume). As representatives of the Cambridge University Press the Putnams announce "Model Drawing—Geometrical and Perspective," by C. Octavius Wright and W. Arthur Rudd, and "The First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians," edited by R. St. John Parry.

Prof. J. S. Bassett's "Life of Andrew Jackson," published in two volumes in 1911 by Doubleday, Page & Co., has been taken over by the Macmillan Co., which has brought out an attractive edition in one volume ($2.50) from the same plates. The principal change in the text is a corrected reading of Biddle's memorandum of his interview with Jackson, in November, 1829, about the Bank of the United States. The portrait of Jackson by D. M. Carter, which in the original edition faced page 476 of Volume II, has been omitted; and the two likenesses of 1845 have, curiously enough, been transposed, but without transposition of the accompanying legends.

An interesting subject and an excellent style combine to make Mr. Farnham Bishop's "The Story of the Submarine" (Century Co.; $1 net) an unusually readable little book. After summarizing the early attempts at underwater navigation and warfare as related by

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the standard authorities, Barber, Fyfe, Burgoyne, and others, he describes the growth and development of the modern submarine as well as its achievements in the present war. Written for the layman, and possibly for the youth in particular, the work avoids technical details while giving a good general idea of the submarine's mechanism and functions. The chapter treating of the supposed methods by which it is trapped or caught is especially worthy of attention just now. Some of the plans are on an inconveniently small scale; otherwise the book is of admirable quality. As Mr. Bishop indulged in one flight of the imagination in spinning the yarn of a supposititious trip in "X-4," it seems a pity that he did not take another such flight and forecast, according to his judgment, the future of this new and disturbing factor in naval warfare.

"Adventures of a Despatch Rider," by Capt. W. H. L. Watson (Dodd, Mead; $1.25), is a record of one man's experiences in the war from August, 1914, to February, 1915, based largely on letters written home during that period. Enlisting at the outbreak of the war as a motorcycle dispatch carrier, the author was with the British expeditionary force in its advance to Belgium, at the battles of Mons and Le Cateau, during the great retreat, and at the battles of the Marne and the Aisne. Then he was transferred to the north, and was present at the fighting round La Bassée, when the Germans were trying to break through to the Channel. The chief impression left by the book is of the utter confusion in the mind of the individual soldier as to what is going on, and of his feeling of helpless insignificance. "I started," says the writer, "with an immense interest in tactics. This has nearly all left me, and I remain a more or less efficient dispatch-carrying animal—a part of a machine, realizing the hopeless enormous size of the machine. . . . We are all either animals or machines, with little gained except our emotions dulled and brutalized and nightmare flashes of scenes that cannot be written about because they are unbelievable. I wonder what difference you will find in us when we come home." This is the testimony of one who, through his work, had exceptional opportunities to observe the positions of the army. No one participant, writing at the time, can have realized the epic sweep of the great battles and retreats; the chief source of interest in a book like this must be in the narrative of minor incidents. Capt. Watson is a keen observer, and his story contains many effective bits of anecdote and description. He writes colloquially, at times rather slangily, with some odd solecisms, such as "I was woken up." His comment on the village of Hinges will at once illustrate his style and suggest some possible linguistic results of the war.

> When first the corps came to Hinges, the inhabitants were exalted. The small boys came out in puttees, and the women put ribbons in their hair. Now, if you pronounce Hinges in the French fashion, you give forth an exclamation of distressful pain. The name cannot be shouted from a motorcycle. So we all called it, plainly and bluntly, Hinges, as if it were connected to a door. The inhabitants noticed this. Thinking that they and their forefathers had been wrong—for surely these fine men with red hats knew better than they—the English pronunciation spread. The village became 'Ingees, and only some unfashionable dotards in Béthune preserve the tradition of the old pronunciation.

The book contains some excellent maps.

"Elementary Civics" (Thompson, Brown & Co.) is the title of a small textbook compiled by Dr. Charles McCarthy, Flora Swan, and Jennie McMullin for use by pupils in the upper grades of American grammar schools. Whether there is any proper place for this subject in the grammar-school programme of studies is extremely doubtful, and this little book will at least serve to strengthen honest doubts in that direction. It has evidently been compiled upon the theory that since boys and girls of grammar-school age cannot be expected to understand the complications of government as it actually is, they should be pumped full of platitudes as to what government ought to be. Here is a typical example of what that doctrine leads to:

> It is very easy for us to look around and criticise the mismanagement of our cities. The really valuable thing is to make helpful suggestions and help to carry them out. Imagine yourself employed by your city as planning expert, and write out your views on the following questions, etc. (p. 73).

True enough, the youngster who reads this book will not be altogether wasting his time. He will learn a little about a great many things, from the life of the cave-dwellers to old-age pensions in New Zealand, or scientific forestry in Prussia, or the segregated budget of New York city. He will get even more from the pictures with which the book is well supplied, and which are for the most part well chosen and instructive. But he will not get from it any material appreciation of what our real political problems are, or have been, or are likely to be. The book is so intent upon dragging into its pages everything picturesque or striking that it omits most of the things which are fundamentally important.

The first reflection likely to occur to the reader of Miss Florence M. Smith's "Mary Astell" (Columbia University Press) is to ask why a woman so deeply interested in the education of women, and working under the direction of a great university, should write such poor English. For Miss Smith's style is not only unidiomatic, but is disfigured by Americanisms and even downright bad grammar. However, one has grown accustomed to expect anything but good English from doctoral theses, and the present study should not be censured too severely because it is not an exception. In the matter of knowledge Miss Smith's work is well up to the average. She has read thoroughly the literature about her subject, and, despite a certain amount of repetition, has made a valuable contribution to the history of woman's rights. Though in no sense an advanced woman in the political sense of the modern suffragette, Mary Astell was strongly convinced of the intellectual equality of her sex, and fought consistently for equal opportunities of education. Miss Smith, of course, accepts this thesis of intellectual equality as self-evident. Her work would have had more philosophical value if she had seen fit to examine historically and psychologically the truth of this assumption.

Prof. Chauncey S. Boucher's "Nullification Controversy in South Carolina" (University of Chicago Press; $1.50 net) naturally invites comparison with Houston's "Critical Study of Nullification in South Carolina," published in 1896. Professor Boucher has had the advantage of the Jackson, Van Buren, and Hammond papers in the Library of Congress, of the Poinsett papers in the Pennsylvania Library Society, and of a manuscript memoir of Grayson, none of which was accessible to Mr. (now Secretary) Houston twenty years ago; and he has also made use of several extensive collections of pamphlets and of some twenty South Carolina newspapers. These primary sources have enabled him to trace in detail the course of political discussion and the development of public opinion in South Carolina during the Nullification period, and to show, more fully than Mr. Houston was able to do, the parts played by Jackson and other leading actors. In these respects the volume is a real addition to knowledge of the subject. The main course of the Nullification controversy, however, remains as Mr. Houston outlined it. One misses, in Professor Boucher's work, a certain broad view of the episode which distinguishes the "Critical Study"; and the important question of the economic conditions which underlay the Nullification movement is only lightly touched. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, the fundamental difference of view, not merely in regard to the relation of a State to the Union, but also in regard to the essential nature of government itself, which characterized the South in the ante-bellum period, and of which the contemporary newspaper and pamphlet literature holds the invaluable record, still awaits its expositor. We note the inclusion in the bibliography of a number of books, like McCrady's histories of South Carolina in the Colonial and Revolutionary period, which have only remote bearing upon the events dealt with by Professor Boucher; and "South Carolina College" is now, of course, the University of South Carolina.

"For over twenty years I have found that I leave my library with regret, however long the day has been, and return to it always with delight." These words were written by Mr. John Cotton Dana, librarian of the Free Public Library of Newark, N. J. Any man who can thus write of his chosen calling after the lapse of twenty years is to be congratulated. Such enthusiasm will carry him far. Mr. Dana has long been a prominent figure in the world of libraries, for he is a librarian with ideas, the courage to try new methods, and, best of all, he is entirely in sympathy with his public—a public to which he hopes to be more helpful day by day. He is a progressive of the best type. The problem which he has met, and brought as near solution as any man in the profession, is that of making the public library a thing of real service to the commonalty. He has the vision to see and the ability properly to value the changing conditions among men; and he endeavors always to have the institution of which he is the guiding spirit meet the needs of to-day with a thought for the probable needs of to-morrow. Nor is Mr. Dana a silent librarian. He has frequently delivered addresses and written articles on library subjects for various journals. Those interested in librarianship, and others, will welcome the appearance of a selection of twenty-seven of these contributions in a volume entitled "Libraries: Addresses and Essays" (H. W. Wilson Co.; $1.80). A few of the subjects treated are: "The Public and Its Public Library," "The Failure of Book Reviewing," "Library Problems," "What the People Read," "Making a Library Known," and "The Country Church and the Library." One does not need to agree wholly with Mr. Dana to find his chapters both stimulating and in-

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teresting. The treatment is very frank and to the point, and the style is never dull. In fact, Mr. Dana at times writes so well that we regret to find that he uses the colloquialism "posted" when he means "informed," and is even guilty of "I guess" for "I think." In his essay on "The Failure of Book Reviewing," he complains that reviews seldom enlighten the librarian as to a "book's physique." In this respect, the present reviewer will prove an exception to the rule by saying that Mr. Dana's volume is outwardly not what it should be. It is too heavy and in appearance is too much like a textbook on mechanical or electrical engineering. Although well printed and subsantially bound, it is not a bookish-looking book—as every collection of essays and addresses ought to be.

The origin of the flora of the coast of Belgium is the subject of the opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* for September, by J. Massart, professor of botany in the University of Brussels. His conclusion is that far more comes from the south than from the north. The methods by which a large tract of marsh land on the west coast of France has been transformed into a cultivated region contributing largely to the agricultural wealth of the country are described by Prof. J. Welsch, of the University of Poitiers. The conditions, natural, social, and economic, which govern the pastoral life of some of the people of the Carpathian Mountains are shown by J. Dedijer, of the University of Belgrade. He recalls the fact that between two and three centuries ago the villagers of Bosnia and Herzegovina were compelled to adopt the Mohammedan religion. But in the summer, when with their herds they went to their mountain pastures, they renounced it for their ancestral religion. "They lived thus for thirty years Christians in summer and Mohammedans in winter."

In his "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War" (Macmillan; $1.25) Mr. W. Trotter has worked over two essays previously printed in the *Sociological Review*—has, in fact, written a book around them. He points out that he has "been engaged in trying to apply to the affairs of to-day principles which had taken shape ten years ago. I point this out not in order to claim any gift of foresight in having suggested so long ago reasons for regarding the stability of civilization as unsuspectedly slight, but because it is notorious that the atmosphere of a great war is unfavourable to free speculation." The argument of the book centres upon human gregariousness and the instincts that go with it. It is about as convincing as such psychological constructions usually are. Towards the end of his volume the author comes to the consideration of "gregarious species at war," and, selecting, as the two contrasting protagonists in the present struggle, England and Germany, attempts to picture the "mind" of each in accordance with the contentions which he thinks he has established in the foregoing. Germany is of the type of aggressive gregariousness and, like a dog, must be corrected in a manner which she will understand, namely, by a "thorough and drastic beating." "The animal must be left in no doubt as to who is the master, and his punishment must not be diluted by hesitation, nervousness, or compunction on the part of the punisher." "Germany has shown unmistakably the way to her heart; it is for Europe to take it." As for the other protagonist, "the sole basis of a satisfactory morale in a people of the social type that obtains in England is a true national unity, which is therefore the singular and complete remedy for all the civil difficulties incident upon a great and dangerous war." The present disaster shows that the development of European civilization has been "radically unsound," this being the result "of human progress being left to chance, and to the interaction of the heterogeneous influences which necessarily arise within a gregarious unit whose individual members have a large power of varied reaction." Well, now that we see what is the matter, there will be no excuse for letting it happen again.

A second edition of L. T. Hobhouse's "Mind in Evolution" (Macmillan; $3.25), takes account of the results of advance made in comparative psychology since the original publication of the book. Dr. Hobhouse has come to believe that mind has had an even more extended function in evolution than he had supposed. He thinks that the revolution in biological theory will be found, "as time goes on, to have invested the constitution of the living being as against the environing conditions with a new importance, and in this constitution the fundamental fact everywhere is that the living being is not passive but active, not mechanical in its reaction to things, but assertive, plastic, and, in a measure proportioned to its development, self-determining. If this is so, psychology will in the future have a larger part to play than has hitherto been supposed in the study of the rise and decay of forms of life." Concerning the general merits of this well-known book nothing needs to be said. Its original thesis is strengthened and its original accumulation of evidence extended.

A novel and interesting deviation from the ordinary form of the Yale Lectures on Preaching is made by President William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, in "The Gospel of Good Will as Revealed in Contemporary Scriptures" (Macmillan; $1.50 net). Dr. Hyde takes his text, as the title indicates, from incidents mentioned in well-known recent writings; thus he begins his first chapter, which is on Christ's Expectation of Men, with a lesson from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which he quotes at length, and in the same manner he treats his other topics, religious and economic. The central thought of the Lectures is the power of intelligent sympathy. Various burning questions of the present day are discussed, all with President Hyde's accustomed frankness and vigor, and the volume appeals not only to preachers, but to all persons who are interested in the moral well-being of society. His theology is broad enough to welcome all whose desire is to live aright. "Christianity," says he, "is the good news that no sin is too heinous to be forgiven provided the one who has committed it repents." The proper spirit for international relations he illustrates by a quotation from Prof. F. W. Förster, of the University of Munich, who in an address to the youth of Germany on the present war says: "Fill yourselves with deepest sympathy for all who suffer in war. . . . In the union of races will the universal Christ be born in us." By many apposite quotations he sets forth the higher spirit that is by no means dead in our midst.

Drama

"MAJOR PENDENNIS."

In making a play out of Thackeray's "Pendennis" Mr. Landon Mitchell was confronted with a totally different problem from that which he solved, with considerable success, in "Becky Sharp." In "Vanity Fair" the whole interest of the story centres on Becky; she dominates every character and every situation. The book, therefore, lends itself to dramatization far more easily than does "Pendennis," where the interest is distributed among a greater number of characters. It is true that one remembers best the ineffable Major, that he, if any one, is the dominating character; but he dominates not by the author's deliberate intent but in spite of it. With characteristic impetuosity this retired but ever gallant officer took the bit between his teeth and arrogated to himself the place that Thackeray had reserved for the nephew. In the novel this does not disturb us greatly, but in the more compressed dramatic form it throws things out of balance. We have the action revolving round the rather nebulous personality of Arthur Pendennis, while through the scenes, dominant wherever he goes, stalks the forceful character of the Major.

That Mr. Mitchell recognized the difficulty is evident from the fact that he takes as his central idea the Major's influence on his nephew's affairs; that he has overcome it can hardly be asserted. Mr. Mitchell has fallen between two stools. He might have taken a single incident of the book and certain of the characters, and throwing Thackeray, or all of Thackeray that encumbered him, to the winds, have made a consistent and well-knit play, or he might have abstracted certain scenes from the book, and following Thackeray as closely as possible, frankly presented them as individual though related episodes. Piety, we imagine, forbade the former course; convention probably the latter, and the result is an episodic piece in a prologue and three acts which makes a pleasant enough entertainment, if one abandons certain prejudices in favor of observance of the unities, but which can only by courtesy be called a play. Even so it does violence in many respects to the story as Thackeray wrote it. It would be tedious to enumerate Mr. Mitchell's departures from the novel—many of them, of course, inevitable—but the important one we mention, though without condemnation. To win the sympathies of the audience Mr. Mitchell has found it necessary to endow the worldly old Major with a good deal more ethical nobility than that worthy gentleman would ever have claimed for himself, or than Thackeray would have granted him.

When all is said, however, one passes an evening very pleasantly in the company of Major Pendennis, and the experiment was worth trying out if only for the opportunity it gave John Drew to confound the critics who have circumscribed his talents to the impersonation of drawing-room rôles. As Major Pendennis, stumping and humming, and ha'ing through the scenes, Mr. Drew displayed his absolute ease in playing a part of eccentric comedy. For him it was a decided personal triumph. He was well supported by an admirable cast. The rôle of Arthur Pendennis, difficult because badly written, was excellently handled by Brandon Tynan. Lester Lonergan's Captain Costigan was a richly humorous

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impersonation; his daughter, the Junoesque Fotheringay, was played with exactly the right amount of placid unction by Miss Jane Houston. Other good characterizations were provided by Miss Helen MacKellar, as Laura Bell; Miss Helen Mencken, as Blanche Amory; Miss Mary Worth, as Fanny Bolton, and Walter Kingsford, as Harry Foker. The production, which is excellently staged, is made by John D. Williams at the Criterion Theatre.

S. W.

"SO LONG LETTY."

Quite good of its kind is a just verdict on this musical farce presented by Oliver Morosco at the Shubert Theatre. It does not matter particularly where the scene of a musical play is laid, but in this instance it happens to be in the trolley-car colony of Golden Gate Beach, where two young couples occupy two transmogrified trolleys. The plot, which is adhered to with truly remarkable tenacity, is afforded by the suspicion of each member of the quartet that the other's spouse would prove a more congenial helpmeet than the present incumbent. There is a little skating on thin ice when the suspicion is put to the test, but despite occasional cracks the ice holds up, and although the feet of the quartet get cold, they don't get wet. For the rest, the production is well staged and beautifully dressed, which are the principal qualities that Broadway desires. The music is careful to avoid any perplexing originality except such as may be afforded by the addition to the orchestra of exotic instruments like ukuleles, and the lyrics are of the kind that could only be sung. The humor of the lines puts no undue strain on the intelligence, but Miss Charlotte Greenwood is, as always, clever and amusing.

S. W.

"OBJECT—MATRIMONY."

The play of this name, which was produced last week by William A. Brady at the Cohan and Harris Theatre, is an attempt by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman to exploit further the extraordinary success of "Potash & Perlmutter." That it will have some success is highly probable; people are interested in their own wares and the cloak and suit business is New York's largest industry. That it will in any degree repeat the success of its prototype is not to be imagined. The present piece is mechanical farce, tricked out with all the externals and appurtenances of "Potash & Perlmutter," but wholly lacking that touch of human things which raised the other play above the ordinary level of its type. It would be depressing to think that the sordid money-grubbing which is the dominant characteristic of every individual in Mr. Glass's latest production was an accurate reflection of the types portrayed; but even if it is true to life, it is certainly not true to art. There is no place on the stage for persons who think exclusively in terms of dollars and cents any more than there is place for a tragic character who is a murderer and nothing else. Shylock wanted his pound of flesh, but that obsession did not preclude affection for his daughter or indignation at the wrongs of his race. If Mr. Glass and Mr. Goodman would refer to their Aristotle, they would find sage counsel in regard to characters that are properly dramatic.

It is not worth while to trace the plot in any detail. It is quite unscrupulous. The firm of H. Sachs & Son, on the brink of bankruptcy, can be saved and reëstablished if its creditors know that the head of the firm, Milton Sachs, is engaged to marry the unprepossessing daughter of the wealthy Julius Lesengelt, himself one of the principal creditors. Milton Sachs happens to be in love with his bookkeeper and has every intention of marrying her; but the two, putting their heads together, decide that there is no objection to his becoming engaged to Birdie Lesengelt for a sufficient time to reassure his creditors and obtain another loan to pay off Lesengelt. The evolution of this precious plot is worked out at a rapid pace, which saves the play from tedium, and the lines are thickly sprinkled with humorosities of a purely verbal character—calling a man a "skylark" instead of a Shylock is typical of the *modus operandi*.

S. W.

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN."

Mr. A. E. Thomas has probably made the most, from a dramatic point of view, of Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's story of this name. He has in any case provided an agreeable evening's entertainment; more can hardly be said. The plot sketches along extravagant lines the brave attempts of a Southern belle to save her household from financial ruin, while her father, accompanied by the mother, is in Vienna undergoing a most serious operation. A rich Northerner has agreed to take the homestead for a few months at the considerable rental of $5,000, provided that there shall be no negroes about the place and that a well-trained staff of white servants shall be installed. At the last moment the servants who had been engaged refused to come and the girl to save the situation determines to be cook herself, impressing her sister and two brothers into service, respectively, as chambermaid, butler, and boot-boy. Here is a situation well adapted to the talents of Miss Ruth Chatterton, who manages an Irish brogue with considerable success. At times, when all her plans are on the point of going awry, no little pathos is introduced into the situation, especially in the scene when "Jane Ellen," with quivering lip and tearful eye, is taken into the lap of her comforting black mammy. Mr. Bruce McRae filled the part of the rich Northerner acceptably, and in the final scene, where he discovers the identity of his pretty cook, brings the play to a rather charming close. The two most important acts, those laid respectively in the kitchen and the dining-room, might profitably undergo some cutting. Incidentally, we may remark that the dinner is the most realistic meal we have ever seen on the stage.

F.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

The annual autumn production at the Winter Garden, "Show of Wonders," which had its opening last week, includes several well-known comedians, as the Howard Boys, who in "The Lane of Mystic Spirits" gave clever impersonations of Liszt and Mendelssohn; George Monroe, who caricatured the somewhat promiscuous life in a Pullman sleeper; McIntyre and Heath, in their minstrel sketches; Walter Kelly as judge in a Virginia court room, and John T. Murray. The inevitable feature, Russian dancing, was taken care of by Marilynn Miller and Alexis Kosloff. In a programme of twenty-three musical numbers, only one, "Naughty, Naughty," was really catchy.

Music

RICHARD STRAUSS NOVELTIES.

Twelve years ago Richard Strauss came across the Atlantic to conduct the first performance anywhere of his "Symphonia Domestica." That was not, however, the first time that New York heard the première of one of his works. As long ago as 1884, when Strauss was only twenty, Theodore Thomas procured the MS. of his F minor symphony and included it in a programme of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Last week, for the third time, we had the privilege of first witnessing a Strauss novelty. Witnessing is the right word, for only what was presented to the eyes was new, the music being the familiar "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," which is, next to "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration," the most frequently performed of his tone poems. In his search for subjects for his ballets, Mr. Nijinsky came across "Till Eulenspiegel," and what was presented at the Manhattan Opera House was his choreographic conception and arrangement of the contents, or plot, of this famous piece of programme music. Strauss, it was reported, had gladly given his consent to the distinguished Polish dancer, who, as the chief star of the Ballet Russe, had previously coöperated with him at the production in Paris of the pantomimic ballet, "Die Josef-Legende," Strauss's latest work for the theatre, unless there is truth in the rumor that he has completed a new operatic score.

When Strauss published the score of "Till Eulenspiegel" he coyly kept the details regarding the "programme" to himself. "What I had in mind when I composed this piece," he wrote to a friend, "would, if clothed in words, often seem queer enough, and might even give offence." Subsequently he relented, and assisted Wilhelm Mauke in indicating for No. 113 of his "Musikführer" the chief pranks of the famous mediæval practical joker that he had endeavored to illustrate orchestrally. Mr. Nijinsky did not deviate greatly from these outlines. He bewildered the crowd in the marketplace, upsetting the stands; he masqueraded as a priest, attended to the courting, had his fun with the philosophers, and finally atoned for his doings on the gallows—a scene to which was given a grotesquely grewsome mediæval aspect by Robert Edmund Jones, who executed the background of the pantomime quite in the spirit of Bakst. Nijinsky was at his best, and it may be said that next to "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird" "Till Eulenspiegel" is the most interesting entertainment the Ballet Russe has placed to its credit. Strauss himself would doubtless be greatly pleased with it. He had originally intended to make an opera of the "Till" plot; and this meets his wishes half way.

At the season's first Philharmonic concert there was another Strauss novelty—the first performance in New York of "Eine Alpen-

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symphonie," the first tone-poem he has written since the "Symphonia Domestica." It had its first hearing just a year ago in Berlin, and opinions as to its merits were, as usual, widely apart, some pronouncing it the most vivid and masterful of his descriptive works, while others found it weak in melodic invention, slovenly in structure, and crude in its programmatic suggestions. The Dresden orchestra had been brought to Berlin and augmented by local forces to mammoth size, the number of horns, for instance, being increased to twenty. It is only at the very first performance that Strauss usually insists on so huge an orchestra. The Philharmonic also was augmented, but not to such an extent; yet Mr. Stransky and his admirably drilled men rendered the new score in the most brilliant fashion and there was plenty of applause, but no unusual enthusiasm, the general verdict being that while the new work is imposing, it does not rank in musical value with the earlier tone poems. Not a few thought of Ernest Newman's description of Strauss as a composer who "once was a genius."

While there is not much evidence of creative genius in the "Alpensymphonie," it is a remarkably clever production. As in his "Domestica" Strauss attempted avowedly to describe a day in his home life, so in the new work he attempts to give a day's outdoor impressions, from dawn to dusk, in the mountains. The scenes successively depicted are: *Night*—*Sunrise*—*The Ascent*—Entrance into the Forest—Wandering Beside the Brook—At the Waterfall—Apparition—On Flowery Meadows—On the Alm (sloping pasture)—Lost in the Thicket and Brush—On the Glacier—Dangerous Moments—On the Summit—Vision—Mists Rise—The Sun is Gradually Hidden—Elegy—Calm Before the Storm—Thunderstorm—The Descent—Sunset—Night.

These cues were written into the score by Strauss himself, this time without any prompting by friends. But while all these directions make the work a piece of programme music, it is obvious that most of the details suggested cannot be definitely depicted in music, but only accompanied by appropriate strains. The reaching of the summit, for instance, is signalized by a grand orchestral outburst which, however, would be equally appropriate at any triumphal occasion. Cow-bells and the Alpenhorn are introduced for local color. The scintillant music of the Waterfall vividly recalls the cascades of jewels in Dukas's opera, "Ariane et Barbe Bleue." The climax of the score is the thunderstorm, which, while musically less valuable than the storms composed by Beethoven, Wagner, Rubinstein, and others, surpasses them all in elemental power and vivid realism. To obtain his effects Strauss called in the aid of the two new "musical" instruments—an electric machine which emits a shrill and prolonged whistle a whole band of piccolos could not equal, and a thunder-machine, in which rolling cannon-balls merge their sounds with those of huge rattles. This thunder-machine is even more terrifying in its results than the tonitruo which Paderewski devised for his Polish Symphony that was played here a few years ago by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

W. M. CHASE.

William Merritt Chase, who has died in his sixty-seventh year, with energies unabated, was the ablest painter of face values that America has yet produced. It probably never occurred to him to paint what was not before his eye. He saw the world as a display of beautiful surfaces which challenged his skill. It was enough to set him painting to note the nacreous sheen of a fish, or the satiny bloom of fruit, or the wind-smoothed dunes about Shinnecock, or the fine specific olive of a woman's face. The patination and texture of things aroused not merely his admiration, but his will to possess. He drew unceasingly into his home and his several studios thousands of bits of old brass and copper, less resplendent and more precious pewter, floor weavings of the Orient, wall weavings of France and Flanders, mellow old pictures, barbaric jewelry. Ruskin used to carry a few uncut gems in his pocket; Chase made a setting for himself of such material. His eye was feline, caressing, and requiring to be caressed.

It is difficult to refer all this to Franklin, Indiana, where he was born, November 1, 1849, or to Munich, where he got his first serious training in art. He represented rather the notion prevalent in Paris of the 60's that art is a fine manufacture. How he got this from his rather dull master, Wagner, and his only slightly clever master, the younger Kaulbach, is a bit mysterious. Very likely, Chase took the idea to Munich with him, confirming it at Paris en route. As a young portrait painter at St. Louis he had had great success with his still lives. Throughout his career he could either limber up or rest up by producing masterpieces of this order. He seemed most himself when the problem was simplified to one of eye and hand. His art was complete before he was thirty, and never greatly varied thereafter. He was medalled at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, being twenty-seven years old, and constantly won new honors. Despite a truly American shrewdness and unfailingly American sympathies, he became somewhat an exotic in walk and conversation. Through the 80's and 90's his occasional cloak and his habitual flat-brimmed "cylinder" astounded the New York philistine as fifty years earlier Théophile Gautier's red waistcoat had scandalized the *bourgeois* of Paris. But the somewhat bristling and Mephistophelian front of Chase covered a very real wit and geniality. He was an ornament in all company, a true citizen of the world.

The year 1876, his twenty-seventh, was crucial. He could have had his appointment at the Munich Academy as a Herr Professor, but he came back to New York instead to be the first instructor of the newly formed Art Students' League. It is significant of the modern divorce of art from economics that, whereas it is very difficult for an artist to make his living by practicing his trade, it is quite easy for him to make a living by teaching others to paint. Chase may have become a teacher chiefly for prudential reasons. But his theory that painting is a fine manufacture implied that it could and should be taught. Into his teaching he threw himself with rare wholeheartedness. If art should be discreetly manufactured, by the same token it should be skilfully exhibited and profitably sold. With entire consistency Chase associated himself with that Society of American Artists which in 1877 began to claim for new talent a place on the line. With entire propriety he served the Society as its president from 1885 to 1895. Meanwhile he had painted some of his best portraits, the Woman in Black at the Metropolitan Museum, the White Shawl at Philadelphia.

When this militant phase as an organizer was over, he set up his own art school in 1897. It had and still has extraordinary success. It expanded in many directions. Shinnecock Hills, not yet holy ground for golfers, blossomed every summer with feminine talent. Chase varied the routine of teaching by recreations which involved personally conducting eager hordes for summers amid the art and nature of Holland, Italy, and Spain. It was a distinction of the Chase School that the master honestly tried to teach painting. Most art schools have taught drawing. Apparently the personal dictum of Ingres that anybody who can draw can paint well enough has frozen into a universal dogma. Chase rejected it. He strove to make his students see as painters. The color was to be the structure. Chase carried his pupils as far as he had gone himself. He was formed before the inventions of Manet and Monet had gained credence, and before the still more revolutionary procedures of Cézanne had declared themselves. To most of the problems of open-air illumination he was quite oblivious. He liked an attractive object that would "stay put" in the equable light of a studio. His art at its best lies very close to the more sober phase of Fortuny. The aim is merely fine and just observation, with swift and delicate execution.

Being distinctly of the school of the *morceau bien peint*, he was free from its besetting sin of showing off. The amiable ostentation which was in his personality he kept out of his art. There is a sobriety even about the most prodigiously clever Chases, even in those amazing codfish of his later years. His hand never goes off into sheer flourish. It is restrained by the loveliness of the thing, by the conscience that will not enlarge on its discovery, but give true record.

Since Chase's concern was with beautiful surfaces, his art is necessarily one of epidermis. He avoided the syncopations, the sheer emphasis of structure, to which Manet had shown the way. He took objects quite

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at their face value, and rarely invested them with the tenderness, mystery, and understanding that comes from meditation and remembered feelings. He accepted to the full the Impressionist convention that every time is a first time, though otherwise he took nothing from Impressionism. We get in him a fine, bare vision, and must not expect therewith much contributory enrichment from mind and mood. He admired especially those painters whose eye is keenest, with mood in abeyance, Frans Hals and Velasquez.

So there are no great Chases, but there is a singularly high and even accomplishment. His was an extraordinarily well-utilized talent. His pictures always suggest high analogies. To repeat the distinction of his finer portraits one must go to the best of Carolus Duran, the early charming Carolus; in our time only Alfred Stevens has surpassed the cosey richness of Chase's little interiors; while the still-lives perhaps have no rival in our day for competent literalness. So far as we know, Chase never painted a decoration, nor desired to do so; never told a story in paint, rarely chose any subject that anybody else might not have seen. His superiority was merely to see it more clearly. In the lucidity with which he accepted these limitations he was eminently of his generation. The defect of his art is its professionalism, its savor of the studio. Few artists of our time have done more successfully what they set themselves to do. Chase believed art to be a fine manufacture, and in his hands it became such—a manufacture intelligently and delicately fine. To lovers of things his art will long keep its appeal. Few men have painted surfaces better. The time will come when men will marvel at such a degree of specialization in the artist, and in Chase's case the marvel, possibly the regret, will be accompanied by admiration.

Several magazine articles published a decade ago have been combined to make a readable book under the title of "Historic Styles in Furniture," by Virginia Robie (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net). Enthusiasm is not easily evoked by the appearance of another manual of period furniture; there are too many of these already, compiled usually from identical sources of information, few of them presenting a modicum of the results of original research. This book, nevertheless, must be hailed as one of the best of its kind. It is specific and guarded in statements, with commendable freedom from bumptiousness and pretence. The historical backgrounds of the various periods are neatly developed. Some criticisms of emphasis might be made if, as one supposes, the book is meant for general readers who are under the influence of present-day vogues and vagaries in home furnishing. The importance to us, for example, of American colonial furniture might have justified expanding the final chapter, even at the risk of a seeming disproportion. Similarly, in view of current interest in seventeenth-century English furniture, one would like a little "fattening" of the six pages of text given to that era. The illustrations are well chosen and printed. In designing the book, however, to be most useful judgment might have suggested selecting rather more pictures of pieces, whether foreign or colonial, now on view at American museums; for it at least has the value of propaganda to show that which may cause people to think of looking up something near by to which their attention had not previously been called. The binding and typography are in character with the text and are quite admirable.

Finance

"ELECTION ODDS."

It has been frankly admitted on Wall Street, during the past week or two, that politics and election probabilities have exerted no influence on the stock market. In that respect, the experience does not differ from what occurred in the last half of October, 1912. But the interest which the stock market did not display in politics Wall Street freely bestowed on another market directly connected with politics. This was the market for "election odds."

The movement of the odds has been of a character to excite the same curious attention that is directed to a "jump in Steel common" after talk of a halt in the steel trade. As a matter of record, the change from 2 to 1 on Hughes in the third week of September, to 10 to 7 at the opening of October, 10 to 8 a fortnight ago, and "even money" in the middle of last week, was apparently unprecedented. For the odds to widen at the close of the campaign has been a familiar enough phenomenon. But this year's experience is almost or quite unprecedented; it puzzled even Wall Street.

Aside from interest which financial markets take in any signs which foreshadow electoral results, it might be argued, especially in view of this season's movement of the odds, that Presidential candidacies have become something much like speculative stocks. Election wagers on Wall Street, like buying or selling orders on the Stock Exchange, are placed by commission brokers, the names of the principals not being given out. Political "insiders" can therefore take their "flyers" on the basis of what is privately known to them. A campaign committeeman may even bet against his own candidate, as a railway president may sell the stock of his own company, and the world be none the wiser. Both are bad ethics, but each helps to indicate the facts. One may even find, in the market for election odds, the familiar "covering of shorts." The sporting fraternity calls it "hedging."

What, then, is the story of "election odds" in previous Presidential years? Most people are hazy in mind about the subject; the actual facts are here presented. It is a general impression that the odds in the closing weeks of other Presidential campaigns have never failed to indicate the result, and the impression is correct—so far, at any rate, as it applies to the period, beginning with 1888, when the "Wall Street commission betting" has determined the market.

Even before that year, the individual betting was reported. Garfield in 1880 was a strong favorite, though the odds fluctuated sharply in the autumn. In the neck-and-neck fight of 1884, won by the narrowest of margins, even money really prevailed up to Election Day.

In 1888 Cleveland was a 10-to-8 favorite up to the early part of September. An eminent business man went into Pennsylvania at that time to compel large increase in the campaign contributions of the Republican manufacturers. Almost overnight, in the week of his return, the odds shifted to 10 to 8 on Harrison, and there remained until Election Day, when Harrison was elected.

In 1892 the odds were moderately on Cleveland from the beginning of autumn, and widened in the closing week of October. He was successful at the polls. It is difficult to get authentic figures of early Wall Street betting in the famous "free-coinage campaign" of 1896. It is probable that some of the betting (not, however, on the Stock Exchange) favored Bryan, until he made his New York speech on August 12. After that, however, the odds rose steadily on McKinley. They were 3 to 1 just before election.

In 1900 the odds were on McKinley from the start, with a 2-to-1 offer at the end of the campaign. On Roosevelt, during the campaign of 1904, the Wall Street curb was offering 2 to 1 as early as September. In the week before election, when signs of a "landslide" had become unmistakable, the odds on Roosevelt got as high as 5 to 1. People who had taken the "short end" of the September odds were "evening-up" at the last. As for 1908, the odds were 2 to 1 on Taft against Bryan in September, widening to 3 to 1 in October, with 7 to 2 the bid on the day before election.

There is left in this retrospect only 1912—an election whose results, except for the brief midsummer uncertainties as to Roosevelt's chances in his Third Party campaign, were always a mathematical certainty. There were at no time Wall Street odds on any one but Wilson. During October they were 2 to 1, and on the day before election 3 to 1 and 4 to 1 was quoted. The 4-to-1 wagers were mostly on Wilson as against Roosevelt, the 3-to-1 wagers on Wilson as against Taft. Mr. Roosevelt's vote, by States and by popular plurality, exceeded Taft's; to that extent, the odds failed to predict correctly.

Apparently, the course of the election wager market of the present campaign has not even an approximate parallel in the past, except perhaps that of 1888. In 1888, however, the reversal of form in the autumn odds was admittedly a consequence of new campaign money, which has not been a governing influence in the present conflict. We shall possibly not know, until November 8 or later, just what it was that caused the abnormal change from the 2-to-1 odds of a month ago. The anecdote, current a month ago, of a Wall Street handler of "commission bets" who at the time refused to place a wager for his principal at the current odds —on the ground that they did not represent a legitimate "sporting probability"—will remain to be recalled.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Andreyev, L. The Crushed Flower. Translated from the Russian by H. Bernstein. Knopf. $1.50 net.
Dutton, L. The Wishing Moon. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Harris, C. A Circuit Rider's Widow. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Howells, W. D. The Leatherwood God. Century. $1.35 net.
Merwin, S. The Trufflers. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Palmer, F. The Old Blood. Dodd, Mead. $1.40 net.
Perry, L. The Fullback. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Tarkington, B. Penrod and Sam. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Wallace, E. The Clue of the Twisted Candle. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Wharton, E. Zingu. Scribner. $1.40 net.
White, E. L. El Supremo. Dutton. $1.90 net.
Young, F. A. M. The Bigamist. Lane. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brady, C. T. And Thus He Came. Putnam.
Dick, C. H. Highways and Byways in Galloway and Garrick. Macmillan. $2 net.
Dixon, R. B. The Mythology of All Races: Vol. IX—Oceanic. Boston: Marshall Jones Co.
Drinkwater, J. The Lyric. Doran. 40 cents net.
Fisher, F. B. Gifts from the Desert. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Francke, K. Personality in German Literature Before Luther. Harvard University Press.
Golf for Women. By a Woman Golfer. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.
Grahame-White, C. and Harper, H. Learning to Fly. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Hauch, E. F. Gottfried Keller as a Democratic Idealist. Columbia University Press.
Hale, L. C. We Discover the Old Dominion. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Irwin, F. The Complete Auction Player. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Irving, W. Old Christmas. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Jackson, F. J. F. Social Life in England, 1750-1850. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lawrence, R. M. The Site of Saint Paul's Cathedral: Boston and Its Neighborhood. Boston: Badger. $3.50 net.
Santayana, G. Egotism in German Philosophy. Scribner.
Webb, C. C. J. Group Theories of Religion and the Religion of the Individual. Macmillan. $1.75.
Wolf, A. The Philosophy of Nietzsche. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Lyon, H. Corporation Finance. Part II. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History. Vol. V.—The Black Death. By A. E. Levett and A. Ballard. Edited by P. Vinogradoff. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Riddell, W. A. The Rise of Ecclesiastical Control in Quebec. Longmans, Green.
Robins, K. N. The Farm Mortgage Handbook. Doubleday, Page.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Chapin, H. Soldier and Dramatist. Lane. $1.25 net.
Dexter, F. B. Documentary History of Yale University. Yale University Press. $4 net.
Doyle, A. C. A Visit to Three Fronts. Doran. 50 cents net.
Draycott, G. M. Mahomet, Founder of Islam. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Ervine, St. J. G. Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
The Battle of Jutland Bank, May 31-June 1, 1916. Edited by C. S. Terry. Oxford University Press.

TRAVEL.

Hammond, J. M. Winter Journeys in the South. Lippincott. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Biddle, L. L. The Understanding Hills. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Jeffers, R. Californians. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lowell, A. Men, Women, and Ghosts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Coolodge, A. Adenoids and Tonsils. Harvard Health Talks. Harvard University Press.
Fabre, H. The Life of the Caterpillar. Translated by A. T. De Mattos. Dodd, Mead.
Gregory, R. A. Discovery of the Spirit and Service of Science. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Morgan, T. H. A Critique of the Theory of Evolution. Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.
Stiles, P. C. An Adequate Diet. Harvard Health Talks. Harvard University Press.

ART.

Adler, H. H. The New Interior. Century. $3 net.
Bowie, H. P. On the Laws of Japanese Painting. San Francisco: Elder. $2.50 net.
Zayas, M. de. African Negro Art: Its Influence on Modern Art. Published by Modern Gallery.

Maupassant: Contes Choisis

Edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Murray P. Brush, Professor in Johns Hopkins University. xi+184 pp. 16mo. 55 cents.

The aim in selecting these stories has been to give a general idea of the varied sides of Guy de Maupassant's talent as well as to offer a reader of exceptional interest to the student. The increasing interest in the Short Story and the author's great influence in this field make this collection particularly timely.

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